January 1966

NAMRATĀ
The Higher Spheres of Thought

J. N. B.
Hugh I'Anson Fausset :
Friend and Teacher

BARBARA LONGBRAKE
The Clangor of Emptiness : A Prelude

O. K. NAMBIAR
The Two Voices of Walt Whitman

H. G. NARAHARI
Jayantabhatta : Poet-Philosopher
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*BOOKS REVIEWED INCLUDE*

*Eugene O'Neill : A Study*; *Doctrine and Argument in Indian Philosophy*; *Ethical Philosophies of India*; *Religion and Man*; Paul Tillich's *Morality and Beyond*; *Body and Mind*; *World in a Grain of Sand*; *The Candle of Vision*

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# THE ARYAN PATH

VOLUME XXXVII - NO. 1

*oint out the 'Way'*
*wever dimly and lost among the host —*
*does the Evening Star*
*those who tread their path in darkness.*

Editor:
SOPHIA WADIA

# THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

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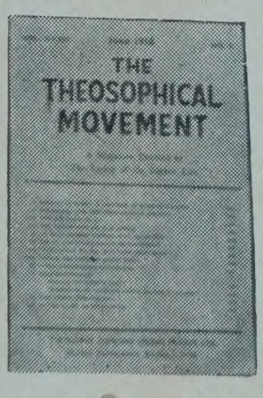


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Our Three Objects

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# THE ARYAN PATH

**Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.**

*— The Voice of the Silence*

VOL. XXXVII JANUARY 1966 No. 1

NAMRATĀ

## The Higher Spheres of Thought

Elevate the mind, and seek sincere faith with firm purpose; transgress not the rules of kingly conduct, and let your happiness depend, not upon external things, but upon your own mind.

—LORD BUDDHA

This "Mind" is *manas,* or rather its lower reflection which whenever it disconnects itself, for the time being, with *kama,* becomes the guide of the highest mental faculties, and is the organ of the free-will in physical man.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

There are innumerable pages of your life record still to be written up, fair and blank they are as yet. Child of your race and of your age, seize the diamond pen and inscribe them with the history of noble deeds, days well spent, years of holy striving. So will you win your way ever upward to the higher planes of spiritual consciousness.

—A MASTER OF WISDOM

THE HUMAN MIND can function at different levels, and spiritual psychology classifies men and women on this basis. In each person one level of mental activity is predominant and while it is possible to reach below or beyond that habitual state it is the latter that determines the general outlook, the prevailing attitude, and therefore the evaluation of life's experiences and the general mode of behaviour. On the understanding of this fundamental fact depends the right approach to practical psychology and the correct kind of psychotherapy.

To begin with we must distinguish between two opposite parts: the surface mind and a depth which lies within the superficial aspect. These two opposite poles may be called the physical and the metaphysical. The physical mind is wedded to sensuous perception and therefore constantly distracted, agitated, restless. The metaphysical part is concentrated and

steady, calm and quiet. This is the higher or spiritual mind, beyond the conscious brain-mind but not to be confused with the "unconscious" or "subconscious" of modern psychology. It is, accurately speaking, the "*super*-conscious" above the threshold of the conscious level and still unrecognized and unexplored territory for the average person, although everyone enters that state in deep sleep.

The physical mind is inattentive and more or less confused because it is enslaved to the senses and desires and passions and given to discursive and superficial thinking. By determination and strong effort the mind can be withdrawn from all external objects and made to come to its centre, in the innermost depth wherein all is still and peaceful.

Explaining this duality of the mind, H. P. Blavatsky asks:

> Why is it that one person sees poetry in a cabbage or a pig with her little ones, while another will perceive in the loftiest things only their lowest and most material aspect, will laugh at the "music of the spheres" and ridicule the most sublime conceptions and philosophies?

This difference, she states, depends on the innate power of the mind to think on the higher or on the lower plane. The true nature of man cannot be fathomed unless this duality is accepted. This is the key that will explain all psychological mysteries.

In ancient Indian philosophy different levels of thinking were recognized and correctly understood. The Sanskrit language has a term to indicate this, namely, *manodhātu*. Literally it means the "world of the mind." This includes not only all our mental faculties, but also one or another of these different levels of thought, one of the divisions of the plane of mind. Each man or woman has his *manodhātu* or plane of thought determined by his degree of unfoldment. All true progress for man consists in reaching the higher planes or spheres of thought.

Since man is an intelligent and moral being, he can strive deliberately to elevate his mind. He is a thinker and a chooser. It is precisely the mind or *manas* that distinguishes him from the mere animal. He can through self-discipline develop the spiritual faculties enshrined within the mind itself. The freeing of the mind from its enslavement to mere objects and its withdrawal into the depth of the innermost consciousness will transform the lower or physical mind into the higher or metaphysical mind, to which belong intuition, understanding, and compassion. The higher mind is also the channel of the spiritual will, a most dynamic power for good.

The above reflections are offered as relevant to this season. These lines are written early in December 1965, but when they appear we shall have entered a new calendar year, the year 1966, and throughout the world

men and women will exchange greetings and good wishes. Too many will do so more or less casually, following the established convention, without realizing its import and significance. Within each one of us there lies a magnetic potency which, directed with deliberate intention and a sincere desire to bring happiness into the lives of our fellow men, can achieve wonders. This potency has rightly been called "the most effective of magic levers placed by Nature in human hands." But in most people it is inactive because it is ignored if not altogether denied; while by some, alas, it is misused. If only all men of good will could learn to release this power inherent in man's inner consciousness, they could contribute substantially to making 1966 a happier and brighter year for all mankind. Says H. P. Blavatsky:

> Let us then, Theosophists, use that will to send a sincere greeting and wish of good luck for the New Year to every living creature under the sun — enemies and relentless traducers included.

But like the men of Plato's cave most people turn their gaze away from the light and then complain that all is dark! Let us turn *within* and seek the guidance of the Eternal Presence enshrined in the chamber of our heart. Illuminated and guided by that Divine Light, we shall brighten the atmosphere around us and make 1966 a better year, a year of spiritual fulfilment.

This is possible if we have faith and determination and resolve righteously. Man's future destiny is in his own hands. We are weaving that future now and here, thread by thread. In fact, the future is now! The present is both past and future. We must in the present purify, elevate, and concentrate our thinking and thus redeem the past and prepare for a brighter morrow.

> The future then [as W. Q. Judge says], for each, will come from each present moment. As we use the moment so we shift the future up or down for good or ill; for the future being only a word for the present — not yet come — we have to see to the present more than all. If the present is full of doubt or vacillation, so will be the future; if full of confidence, calmness, hope, courage and intelligence, thus also will be the future.

May all our readers enter 1966 with great faith and confidence! May the New Year bring peace to all beings!

NAMRATĀ

---

J. N. B.

# Hugh I'Anson Fausset: Friend and Teacher

[We are grateful to be able to publish this tribute to the memory of Hugh I'Anson Fausset, the sad announcement of whose passing appeared in December 1965. "J. N. B." knew him long, and has represented his rich and noble thought largely in his words.—ED.]

A LOVED AND HONOURED CONTRIBUTOR TO THE ARYAN PATH has laid down his pen for ever. Hugh I'Anson Fausset's earthly life ended at daybreak on the 4th of November in his own university city of Cambridge. It was a fitting hour, for he had often greeted it in the ancient words of the *Īśa Upaniṣad*:

> O life-giving sun, offspring of the Lord of creation . . . spread thy light and withdraw thy blinding splendour that I may behold thy radiant form: that Spirit far away within thee is my own inmost Spirit. May life go to immortal life, and the body go to ashes. [Or, as he pencilled into his own copy, "May the body be transformed."]
>
> *OM*! O my soul, remember past strivings, remember! By the path of good lead us to final bliss.

Steadfastly, throughout his seventy years, Hugh Fausset followed the path of good, and very many whom he led to it will mourn for him now. Not only has a noble writer gone from us, one who with lofty thought and perfect language upheld the highest ideals amid the sinking standards of today; but one who devotedly, generously, through personal contacts and correspondence, gave counsel, encouragement, and comfort to all who sought it.

> I seem of late [he wrote in the spring of 1964] to have been inundated with letters and appeals from people in pain, discord and tribulation, "here where men sit and hear each other groan." Yet one knows that enlightenment can only come through the valley of the shadow, though the Light is always shining if only we could open our eyes and hearts to it and cast off the clinging Karma.

He was ever a lover and a servant of the Light. He loved it literally, with all his poet's heart, when it shone on his Essex garden — "summer is shining and shimmering over the lawn, the grass still jewel-hung. I am just sitting and looking and loving" — and spiritually in the divine truths of all the great religions, but pre-eminently in the teachings of those to whom he was most akin, "the sunlit seers," as he called them, the Ṛṣis of ancient India.

He served it in the way that came most naturally to him, not through adherence to any one church or creed, believing that none of these could

claim a monopoly in the matter of true faith. Rather, it was his choice (or the task that had been assigned him) to show their underlying unity, and, passing swiftly even from this, to dwell on the great themes that have absorbed mankind from time immemorial — time itself, as related to Eternity; the Divine and the human; the true Self; the regenerated consciousness; love; and death.

He could treat of all these in the widest context, with boundless wealth of illustration, having for years been an outstanding reviewer of the greatest books, new and old, of East and West. So rich himself in "Soul-wisdom," he was yet far from ignoring the "head-learning" of our age, but discriminatingly taught us how to "discern the real from the false, the ever-fleeting from the everlasting" in the works of modern philosophers and psychiatrists, and even, latterly, the Existentialists.

> Though I'm not really interested [he admitted] in schools of Western philosophy. Compared with the wisdom of the sages they seem so immature and half-baked, full of intellectual contortions instead of spiritual simplicity. The Light can't get through. But it seemed worth questioning some of their assumptions which are so widely accepted today.

This he could do from his own sure footing. The ground from which he surveyed them was always the ancient teachings, to which he had been drawn as a young man through being asked to review *The Dream of Ravan,* and over which he pondered for the next forty years. How fruitfully, may be judged from his three latest books, *Towards Fidelity* (1952), *The Flame and the Light* (1958), and *Fruits of Silence* (1963). Yet another book remains, alas, unfinished. It was to have been a study of the three great Masters, Shri-Ramakrishna, Shri-Ramana-Maharshi, and Shri-Aurobindo. Some parts of it, in the form of two articles, have already appeared in THE ARYAN PATH,[1] and we may hope that perhaps in due course a little more may follow.

From first to last, throughout all Hugh Fausset's writing, there is one word that rings like a bell — Integration. To integrate one's life, to heal the division in it, was the core of his message to us. He was acutely conscious of this division, which is the root of all evil. He saw it on a vast scale in the world at large, where materialistic values war against the Spirit; he saw it in the disturbed mentalities, the neurotics, psychopaths, and schizophrenics so numerous today. But he saw it most significantly (since all else stems from it), in the maladjustment between the ego — the outward fleeting personality — and that inner abiding part of us which is sometimes called "the Eternal Pilgrim," whose progress or retrogression in each birth is so much at the mercy of its erratic companion.

---

[1] May and June 1964.

To heal this disunity, to achieve integration, is what he urges upon us compellingly, showing us the need for non-attachment and continual "self"-conquest if we wish to be saved. We may be sure that he is not dealing in mere words; for he writes with such insight, such a sensitive expression of the well-nigh inexpressible, as can come only from direct personal experience born of profound meditation, patience, and humility.

How many lives have been made whole by his teaching we know not. Those of us aware of our own debt will give thanks upon every remembrance of him. And all who reverence the Vedic wisdom must rejoice that even now, in Kali Yuga, the long line of its poet-seers, as he loved to call them, has not failed, and that he himself, a faithful *chela,* and a supreme master of the English language, was sent to transmit their ancient message in new form to the West that so sorely needs it.

There is always the glow of poetry in his prose. That is why, as we read, it in itself refreshes our spirit, grown weary of the desiccated intellectualism of contemporary writers. That is why we feel, too, that these books by an English scholar spring from seed shed by the *Ṛgveda,* the Upaniṣads, and the *Gita.* For him, as for W. Q. Judge, the *Gita*'s wisdom was fathomless. Of the Upaniṣads the *Kaṭha* was perhaps his favourite, though the *Kena* and the *Muṇḍaka* ran it close.

Hugh Fausset loved India, though he never set foot there, any more than did Max Müller, who also served it nobly. When, thanks to Karma, the present writer was permitted to sail to its shores in 1963, he sent this message:

> Only a line to greet you as you step on Indian soil. What a wonderful thing to do! Embrace Mother India for me and tell her that one of her exiled sons has ever been faithful to her genius.

It is not easy to be faithful in circumstances that seem alien to us, and younger, weaker sons and daughters turned to him eagerly for guidance.

> I know all too well [he wrote to one] what it is to belong to the Indian line of spiritual descent . . . and what it brings with it, but I am *quite sure* that it is your spiritual root, as it is mine.

And when divided loyalties brought confusion he would dispel it, not by argument, but by going straight to the heart of it and pointing out one's *dharma*:

> There is an immediate and compelling relationship with the Light in the Vedantic teaching which makes it impossible for those in whose souls it has come to shine to compromise with that clear Light of Truth or appropriate it exclusively. There are disadvantages in this, of course, from the worldly point of view, particularly in the West. And it is tempt-

ing to compromise and to reason oneself into it. But I don't think it's possible for those who have heard the voice of their Master in their heart and soul.

Hugh Fausset never compromised. He was faithful throughout all his adult years, not only in transmitting what he inherited and learned from his great Mother but in living his Western life in her spirit. Consider his approach to the primal problems; it was always intuitive, always an unfoldment. As he said himself, he "proved Truth upon his pulses," by going inward and waiting silently till it spoke to him, in the manner of the Upaniṣadic sages. Like them, he did not crave for "knowledge"; he was a seeker after Wisdom in the purely Indian sense of it, regarding it as a living power that can indwell men if they open themselves to it.

> What a comfort [he wrote in a letter] Wisdom is! In its light all the unrest of the world dies away, like a tiresome noise, and the heart is at peace and knows that it is enfolded in an eternal understanding, the mind bathed, as Śaṅkara puts it, "in the happy streams of Being."

It was part of his wisdom to take no "sides" in religion. He never argued, but found room in his heart for all, so far as they offered themselves as channels of spiritual renewal. He loved alike the cosmic hymns of the *Ṛgveda* and the noble language of the Anglican liturgy. He could sit musing in some old cathedral before a statue of the Mother of Christ, or pore over a fine engraving of the lotus-postured Buddha from some Indian museum.

> The satisfying thing [he writes] in my experience, is that when we have committed ourselves confidently to the Light and the ancient Truth, we not only are at peace in our hearts and minds, but we are then able to appreciate the Truth to be found in different systems and traditions of religious faith, and the beauty of its expression. We are no longer bound or compromised by their errors or divided in ourselves.

Like Kalidasa he had a deep love of Nature, a profound insight into its beauty, always aware (without falling into pantheism) that it had its own degree of union with the Great Self, and always perceptive of its symbolism and of the Law of Correspondence it revealed while at the same time delighting in its colour, grace, and music.

> How perfect the lotus is! I stood and looked at some in a little pond in the Fellows' Garden at Clare College, Cambridge, a fortnight ago — what golden hearts, and what a symbol of all the elements, the earth, the water, the air, the fire, all aspiring to the light of lights. And how beautifully they fold their petals and gather the light they have harvested from the sun into their hearts when evening comes.

And,

> I've never grown so fine a row of lofty sunflowers before. They tower above me, bending their noble heads over me like "sages standing in God's holy fire," and shedding upon me the benediction of their noble solar presence. And the sun, their archetypal sire, shines down out of a cloudless, if rather hazy sky, and one feels the richness of the season that Keats made his own.

Indian, too, was his view of old age, which the youth-infatuated West seems anxious to obliterate. Certainly, let us counter its disabilities if we reasonably can, but so much emphasis on geriatrics and the brisk gaieties of "Over-Sixty Clubs" surely argues that undue value is being attached to physical life alone. Hugh Fausset himself scarcely saw old age, but had he done so he would have accepted it wisely, and would have proved — what he always taught — that it can be made one of the richest stages of human experience. In the waning of physical powers and interests he saw the opportunity to cultivate their inner counterparts, so that, as the grip of the body lessens, the spirit may prepare itself for the journey that lies ahead.

He handles this theme finely in the chapter "Stepping Westward" in his last book, *Fruits of Silence,* and again in the concluding chapter, "Living and Dying." And it is significant that at one time he thought of entitling this book *To The Forest,* thus revealing his sympathy with the Indian view of life. For to the sage the final years were a period of withdrawal to the banyan groves and the "sessions of sweet silent thought," a stage essential to all of us as we near the earthly ending of the Path, even if the forest be only sought within ourselves.

What made Hugh Fausset's teaching so appealing? What brought him letters from all parts of the world, letters seeking guidance and counsel, letters simply expressing gratitude? It was perhaps, to some extent, because he could give help freely, untrammelled by any one creed, but perhaps even more, one may think, because through his writing one felt the warmth of his heart.

His was no remote philosophy. "The truly spiritual," he writes, "is never abstract." In this phenomenal world it has to come into conjunction with the human soul. He might expound, at times, the subtleties of Advaitism or of the Zen Masters, but in his aim of helping us "to learn how to live well" he spoke intimately from the heart.

He sought

> to draw the mind down into the heart. To bring the consciousness, the overstimulated mental awareness, down into the depths of the heart, where spirit and soul are one, is the task on which I labour.

And was not this the goal of Vedic aspiration, since only in that lotus-centre can unity — and union — be found?

To think with the heart is to be motivated by love and compassion. This was true of himself and a comment of his is illuminating:

> I have almost come to regard love as something quite other than feeling, though, of course, purified and spiritualized feeling is a precious part of its essence.

His attitude to life was one of love, in the sense that it was responsive and creative. He would reject and isolate no experience that had spiritual potentiality, not even that worst experience which to most of us seems the negation of life, the experience of suffering. "Creative suffering" is as much the theme of all his work as Integration. And out of this pure non-attached love of life he was even able to teach the need for a love of death if true being is to be perfectly fulfilled.

"Living and Dying," the closing chapter of *Fruits of Silence,* treats of this consummate love, which has to be prepared for all our life long by earlier deaths of what is false and unspiritual in us.

> Natural death [he says] can then become the expression of supernatural life and we can cry with the voice of a lover whose eyes are opened to the hidden beauty in the heart of death, "O Death, where is thy sting?" — a lover who cannot praise life without praising death too and in whom the joy of life fulfils itself in the act of giving life away.

One can follow this noble argument; one can understand his fondness for Vaughan's haunting lines — "ever more dear to me," he says of them — with their culminating vision of "Dear beauteous Death, the jewel of the Just!" But for those of us on a humbler level, who still feel death's sting, there is a longing for some simpler consolation now that the Teacher himself is gone.

He gave it many a time in letters:

> Attachment is costly [he freely admits] in life and in death, in joy and in suffering. But love given and received, however painful it may be on this earth where there seem to be barriers which we cannot surmount, is always infinitely fruitful. And the suffering of love can sometimes be more fruitful than the joy, if it be a real suffering, a deep communion through all the planes of life and being. All is well in life and in death, for in death there is a perpetual fullness of life.

And in an unpublished sonnet he speaks of "dying with immortality agleam," which, though written of the life of earth in autumn, is deeply true of himself.

So even in death he saw light, the light he invoked as "the gold disk

that covers the face of the True," the Light of lights revealed to him by Mother India, the light that, almost palpably sometimes, seemed to glow on the page he had written.

If, as one who loved him says, "we shall not look upon his like again," then we ourselves must all the more be disciples of that True — must, as he bade us, "do all we can to serve the Light." And if his "far-away journey beyond darkness" leaves us sorrowing, let us realize how greatly blessed we have been in having such a friend of friends, teacher and helper, as Hugh I'Anson Fausset.

J. N. B.

---

## Question and Answer

The answers lie
Where the questions cease.
And that is why I often think,
That when I think,
I'm rather like an empty shell
That fills with sound
For no good cause;
Just because of its shape.
And is never at peace.

The answers play, unthinkingly.
Beyond the reach of I.
Playing with us; hinting.
Maddening and teasing.

As otherness beyond utterness
The answers have their lives,
And are the solid ground
Of all our questioning.

VIVIAN WORTHINGTON

---

BARBARA LONGBRAKE

# The Clangor of Emptiness: A Prelude

[This is the first chapter of a forthcoming book by Barbara Longbrake, provisionally titled *This Strong Mercy*. The concluding chapter of the same book will appear also in THE ARYAN PATH. Miss Longbrake writes simply and directly, with the thought of long years behind the words.—ED.]

THE SHADOWS stretched long and level as she laid aside the book which had held her all the June afternoon. Slowly she sat up, leaned against the trunk of the tree under which she had lain on the fragrant grass. What was it that went wrong with this man, to give his response to life so bitter a taste? Grandson and great-grandson of Presidents, friend of the great ones of earth, moneyed enough for independence, respected as scholar and writer, travelled to the far corners of the earth, Henry Adams would seem to have had every social good that anyone could wish. Yet page after page of his *Education* held the clangor of emptiness in all that he had known:

> He was unfit for any career . . . he had not natural intelligence enough to see what a mess he had thus far made of his education.
>
> All that Henry Adams ever saw in man was a reflection of his own ignorance.
>
> So he broke his life in halves again, to begin a new education, on lines he had not chosen, in subjects for which he cared less than nothing, in a place he did not love, and before a future which repelled. Thousands of men have to do the same thing, but his case was peculiar because he had no need to.
>
> Yet nothing in the vanity of life struck him as more humiliating than that Harvard College, which he had persistently criticized, abused, abandoned, and neglected, should alone have offered him a dollar, an office, an encouragement, or a kindness.

On and on it went, this bitterness of rejection, with almost never a note of affirmation for the varied wonder of living, save now and again some muted delight in the look and smell of earth itself, in Quincey, or Shropshire, or Washington.

It was all wrong, she thought, such bitterness. Oh, brilliant, no doubt, and full of astute reporting, more astute prediction. But somewhere he had missed some essential. The book rang with hollowness, some failure of living response.

What it was she could not now define. But some time, she slowly vowed, when she had lived enough to know for herself, she would write an answer to Henry Adams, would report a Midwest, feminine, "unimportant" education that at least searched for this thing which Adams never found,

seemed almost to sneer at the possibility of finding, even while he wailed for its absence.... The shadows stretched longer as she brooded on the nature of that search. It had been the obscure imperative of all her days, despite the fact that life had forced her to the rejection of the religion of her childhood.

That was in 1935, in Minnesota. Today, thirty years later, I read once more the *Education of Henry Adams,* this time with the Himalayan snows of Nanda Devi centring my north horizon. (Some Hindus believe that one sight of those snows means forgiveness of all sins; six months of looking upon them have scarcely completed the joy of elevated thoughts that they evoke.) And now, with most of that "unimportant" book written, I wonder how to say what it is that still disturbs me in Adam's book, that has been called "quite simply the best autobiography in American letters."

Reading it now and here, I find the strength and wonder of the *Education* even more apparent than they were to that still-provincial self of three decades ago, and I detect more echoes, however muted, of delight, in friends, in nature, in thought and experience. Yet still the bitter note of failure, even to despair, persists. It is an attitude, a savour, a permeating mood even more than a substance of statement. Whether deliberately assumed for literary patterning, or welling up from depths beyond the consciously patterned, is not to be argued here; scholars have argued it amply.

I have come to think of that haunting sense of failure as growing out of the fact that Henry Adams, for all his brilliant perception of the forces transforming his world, was never able to extricate himself from the mechanistic determinism of nineteenth-century science. It was the failure of his age, but it became keenly personal because of Adams's sensitivity to the human spirit's need to transcend that determinism.

Had he been sixty years earlier he might have found comfort, however grim, in allocating that determinism to an all-powerful Puritan deity to whom man had no choice but to submit. But what his world knew as religion simply did not exist for Adams. The Virgin, whom he found in his late years "an adorable mistress ... kindly receiving, amusing, charming, and dazzling her lover," was safely ensconced in her thirteenth-century churches. Though "He never doubted her force, since he felt it to the last fibre of his being," he was equally certain that, like many a fabled mistress of men's hearts, she had nothing whatever to do with the "real" world of a man's living concerns. In her he had securely externalized that "soul" of himself which Jung has termed the *anima,* and he never guessed that the despair informing his "dynamic theory of history" was the inevi-

table consequence of his internal denial of that soul.

Had he been born sixty years later he might have found leave, in Heisenberg's "uncertainty principle" and other formulations of twentieth-century science, at least to look for crevices of escape from the determinism which denies the operation of any force not purely mechanistic — or he might not. "Temperament" — the Hindus call it *saṅskāra,* or the psychological sediment of past deeds with which we have to deal in current living — may well be more powerful than "thought," or even "objective fact," in a man's view of the values of his life.

What Henry Adams seems never to have perceived was the possibility and the urgent need of expanding his consciousness *inwardly* as well as outwardly: he never guessed the need for *conscious* access to the feeling-intuitive resources of his own being. Adams has made an absorbing picture of his increasing awareness of the world *around* him — the atmosphere of Quincey, dominated by the greatness of a Presidential grandfather and the equally unapproachable nobility of a grandmother who had ruled the White House; the *Weltanschauung* of German universities, from which he fled to the protective charm of a lovely sister travelling in Italy; the political society of English country houses through which an ambassador's secretary-son moved with increasing urbanity; post-Appomattox Washington and post-frontier America. But of his own inward world he remained severely unaware save in those "objective" terms with which a man covers over his fears of the unconfronted darkness within. Remembering the tragedy of his wife's early death one can "understand" this shrinking from inward exploration. But equally one cannot refuse to see these unadmitted fears as the source of his bitterness.

Jung has said that *unconsciousness is the sin of modern man.* The weight of that sin, and of today's need for expanding our consciousness, have become urgent to me on two levels.

First, we must become conscious of the *energy-process* nature of reality as science now perceives it. Though we of the West (including Russia) take for granted enormous and increasing amounts of energy harnessed for our daily use, we have scarcely begun to perceive, much less to understand, that science (contrasted with technology) is no longer concerned with *things,* but with *energy and its processes.* "Physics is no longer sure whether what is left on its hands is pure energy, or, on the contrary, thought," de Chardin says.[1] Much the same could be said for biology as well, and for the sciences between. I am not myself a scientist, but for some years I have worked closely with scientists and have observed that wherever they turn they are increasingly concerned with those energy-

[1] *The Phenomenon of Man,* p. 231

processes of which multiplied "things" are but the form of our perceiving. (Here is *māyā* enough even for a Tibetan lama!) We Americans had our first shocking mass encounter with these energy-processes at Hiroshima, that terrible misapplication of knowledge, but we have not yet become really conscious of its implications for our lives.

> Modern man no longer knows what to do with the time and the potentialities he has released. . . . Something will explode if we persist in trying to squeeze into our old tumbledown huts the material and spiritual forces released by this new step in the genesis of mind,[2]

as de Chardin says.

The second and equally urgent need is for expanding our consciousness of the individual's experience-of-himself-as-part-of-universal-energy-processes. "Psychic energy is a very fastidious thing which insists upon the fulfilment of its own conditions," Jung has said.[3] We have scarcely begun to decipher those conditions, or realize that "it does not lie in our power to transfer the 'disposable' energy at will to a rationally chosen object";[4] the blind effort to do so turns the conscious world "cold, empty, and grey," as it was for Henry Adams. To become aware of the ways in which this psychic energy — our personal share in the total energy-process that we perceive as the universe — works is a mode of knowing (whether we call it *depth psychology* or *spiritual insight*) that can be painful but becomes exhilarating when pressed far enough to release the energies we regard as personal.

Ways in which it is possible to press this enlargement of consciousness beyond the cultish are scarcely to be reduced to simple verbalization, although, in a sense, that is precisely what this book attempts to do. The presumptuous character of such an attempt has grown upon me as I have worked on it. Yet somewhere a beginning must be made. Or rather, in uncountable places uncountable beginnings are being made, and by people of no more "importance" than I.

Such attempts must of necessity speak from depths which our familiar daily responses do not easily accept. And since experience in the intuitive-feeling levels is not to be found in isolation, any account of such experience must necessarily involve many people. Hence the thin disguise of made-up names in this story. May it yield sufficient sanctuary to defend the many fellow beings without whose lives my life would have been as nothing!

BARBARA LONGBRAKE

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[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 252–3

[3] C. G. JUNG: *Two Essays on Analytical Psychology* (Meridian Books, New York. 1956), pp. 62–3

[4] *Ibid.*

O. K. NAMBIAR

# The Two Voices of Walt Whitman

[Professor O. K. Nambiar has recently completed a study in Whitman's philosophical ideas and their relation to Indian influences, which is due to be published shortly under the title *Walt Whitman and Yoga* by the publishing firm of Jeevan, Bangalore. In this article, which is a chapter from the forthcoming book, he examines Whitman's perception of two selves — a personal and a Cosmic — in man, in comparison with Indian philosophy. —ED.]

To be this incredible God I am!
To have gone forth among other Gods, these men and women I love.

—WHITMAN: "Song at Sunset"

Rare is the Great Soul to whom all is the divine being.

—*Gita,* VII. 19

Man shall be as God hereafter,
God shall be as humankind.

—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS: *Romance IV*

I am Hari . . . —*Viṣṇu Purāṇa*

The spiritualized man is a new genius of man exhibiting a new quality of life. Himself becomes as wide as the world itself, and he feels that the one spirit is present in all minds, lives and bodies.

—SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN: *An Idealistic View of Life,* p. 30

WHITMAN speaks to us from two levels. He has got himself misunderstood, sometimes, because he commutes between the two levels without warning us. He shifts his standpoint.

There are two Whitmans. One is "the son of Manhattan." The other is "a Kosmos." The former somewhat unreasonably calls himself "one of the roughs," for the sake of being all-inclusive. The latter believes himself, at times, to be an incredible God. The two have to be carefully separated lest their voices should mix.

The Manhattan voice speaks of the earthly show; it talks about politics, wars, presidents, the Broadway pageant, and the human scene. The "incredible God" swiftly leaps over them and speaks of the soul, the cosmic plan, divine purpose, and of the "light untellable." Since the son of Manhattan is intermittently aware he is a Kosmos, the two voices have a tendency to speak together for the most part. However, sensitive readers can note a difference. When he talks of the soul, he makes his self-communing just audible. When he speaks on worldly matters, he appears to be talking directly to you in "a yawp heard over the roofs of the earth."

In Whitman's capacious consciousness, which contained multitudes, both the seer and the seen are comprised, and the reader is obliged to

shift his viewpoint back and forth between the standpoints to follow the transitions of his thought. This movement on the part of the reader is called for because the consciousness of the reader is ego-bound, not cosmic, and, while the reader is following close on the heels of Whitman, he too finds his thoughts raised from one level of consciousness to another. Reading Whitman becomes an exercise in meditation.

The son of Manhattan represents the self of Whitman's normal consciousness. The Self that is finally revealed after the midget self of normal consciousness is stilled is a Kosmos, the *Atman* of the Vedantins, the *Puruṣa* of the Sānkhyas — the eternal true knower and experiencer, a witness, withdrawn, watching the world-play.

> Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am,
> Stands assured, complacent, compassionating, idle, unitary,
> Looks down, is erect, or bends an arm on an impalpable certain rest,
> Looking with side-curved head curious what will come next,
> Both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it.
>
> ("Song of Myself")

It is when the egoic consciousness is put to sleep and the cosmic consciousness takes over, that the mystic is "awake." The normal world-experience of our wakeful hours is, according to mystics, a state of sleep. To them "awakening" means experience of a higher reality. "When Kundalini is asleep," says Tantra, "man is awake to the world, and when it is awake, man is asleep to the world."

Paul Brunton once asked Shri-Ramana-Maharshi what he meant by "The Self" of which he spoke. The Maharshi said: "You ask me to describe this true self to you.... It is that out of which the sense of the personal 'I' arises and into which it will have to disappear." Brunton thought that would mean a loss of the sense of personality. The Maharshi continued:

> The first and foremost of all thoughts, the primeval thought in the mind of every man, is the thought "I." It is only after the birth of this thought that any other thought can arise at all. [It is only after "I" has appeared that "You" can make its appearance.] If you could mentally follow the "I" thread until it led you back to its source you would discover that, just as it is the first thought to appear, so it is the last thought to disappear. This is a matter which can be experienced.

The Maharshi added that it was possible to conduct such a mental investigation into oneself until the last thought "I" gradually vanished. Brunton, like all scientific inquirers, felt that the disappearance of the "I" would leave a vacuum and asked, "What is then left? Will a man then become quite unconscious or will he become an idiot?"

> No, on the contrary [said the Maharshi]. The sense of "I" pertains

to the person, the body and brain. When a man knows his true self, for the first time, something else arises from the depths of his being and takes possession of him. That something is behind the mind, it is infinite, divine, eternal. Some people call it the Kingdom of Heaven, others call it the Soul and others again Nirvāṇa, and Hindus call it Liberation; you may call it what name you wish. When this happens, a man has not really lost himself; rather he has found himself.[1]

The "I" of Ramana Maharshi, like the Self of Whitman, has a capacity for unlimited and uninvolved experience, unlike the empirical ego. The empirical world of the senses appears to the Self no longer as the reality, but only as a picture.

In the *Yoginī Hṛdaya,* a Tāntric work, a similar thought is expressed: "He (the true self) painted the world-picture on Himself with the Brush which is His will and was pleased therewith." In the *Kulārṇava Tantra* the same idea is expressed in a different way: "Brahman, who is all consciousness, without body or part, beyond the power of speech and mind, builds forms for Himself for the benefit of *Sādhakas.*" In "My Picture Gallery," Whitman has the same thought:

> In a little house keep I pictures suspended, it is not a fixed house,
> It is round, it is only a few inches from one side to the other;
> Yet behold, it has room for all the shows of the world, all memories!
> Here the tableaus of life. . . .

Whitman did not reject the "tableaus of life" because they appeared to him as pictures viewed from a higher level of consciousness. On the contrary, he treated them as a form of reality which gives man a key to the great puzzle. "If the spiritual is not behind the material, to what purpose is the material world?" asked Whitman. Again, he wrote in the manuscript draft of his *Inscriptions* at the entrance of *Leaves of Grass*: ". . . every apparition in this world is but to rout the real object from sleeping in yourself."

As he told Traubel, he remained in touch with the earth, no matter how high he soared; but there were moments when he realized that within him there existed the real I, an eternal and true witness who alone could perceive the essence behind forms.

> . . . for without me what were all? What were God?
> Essence of forms, life of the real identities, permanent positive,
> namely the unseen.
> Life of the great round world, the sun and stars and of moon,
> I, the general soul. . . .
>
> ("Chanting the Square Deific")

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[1] PAUL BRUNTON: *A Search in Secret India* (Rider and Co., London), pp. 19–20

This appears to be what Ramana Maharshi referred to as the real and immortal Self; Whitman's

> Thy body permanent
> The body lurking within thy body,
> The only purport of the form thou art,
> the real I myself

—and when it, pure consciousness, apprehends the world scene overriding normal consciousness, the real "meaning behind the ostent" emerges, and there comes to the mystic a realization "That all the solid things are indeed but apparitions, concepts, non-realities" ("Apparitions").

Whitman celebrates the awakening of the Self and, because this Self is the same in all men and women, he celebrates all mankind. The new insight penetrates through all masks and disguises, slave and master, through "broad-cloth and gingham," and all trappings, to look at the soul of Man, face to face. It scans the babe in its cradle, the young lovers in their sweet whispers, the suicide in his bloody sprawl, and the joys and sorrows of life; and turns the beam of a newly-got lamp on the montage of events on farm, sea, and river, and in the backwoods. He had a vivid realization of his spiritual kinship on a cosmic scale with all. In the human scene and situation this kinship is realized as affective identity with all men and women of all colour and creed. In this wide kinship there is room for priest and prostitute, contralto and carpenter, deacon and duck-shooter, Black slave and White immigrant, Yankee girl and squaw. He is maternal and paternal, child as well as man. The coarse and the fine are in him; he is at home everywhere, a comrade to all, experiencing their pains and pleasures and participating in everything that goes forward. He is a Kosmos and contains multitudes.

About this larger Self, Shri-Aurobindo wrote:

> This Purusha, this cause and self of our individuality, comes to embrace the whole world and all other beings in a sort of conscious extension of itself and perceives itself as one with the world-being. In its conscious extension of itself it exceeds the primary experience and abolishes the barriers of its active self-limitation and individualization; by its perception of its own infinite universality it goes beyond all consciousness of separative individuality or limited soul-being. By that very fact the individual seems to be the self-limiting ego; in other words, our false consciousness of existing only by self-limitation, by rigid distinction of ourselves from the rest of being and becoming is transcended; our identification of ourselves with our personal and temporal individualization in a particular mind and body is abolished.

But this does not mean that *Puruṣa* has lost his power of individualization. With the return to the phenomenal plane, normal consciousness

is back again at work, the walls are again hung with pictures. Personality is recovered with the return to world-experience. Only, it is a transformed personality.

Shri-Aurobindo proceeds:

> ...the soul still makes the world-becoming the material for individual experience, but instead of regarding it as something outside of and larger than itself on which it has to draw, by which it is affected, with which it has to make accommodations, *it is aware of it subjectively as within itself*; it embraces both its world-material and its individualized experience of spatial and temporal activities in a changed and enlarged consciousness....

Whitman describes this state:

> My ties and ballast leave me, my elbows rest in sea-gaps,
> I skirt sierras, my palms cover continents, I am afoot with my vision.

Whitman felt an irrepressible urge to proclaim the discovery of his Self and its results. In his manuscript notes he described *Leaves of Grass* as a new Bible. But he wisely refrained from calling it by that name. His sense of mission is clear from the following lines:

> I, too, following many and followed by many, inaugurate a new religion, I descend into the arena,
> (It may be I am destined to utter the loudest cries there, the winner's pealing shouts,
> Who Knows? They will rise from me yet, and soar above everything.)
>
> ("Starting from Paumanok")

The prophets of old did what was needed of them for the good of their generation:

> Taking them all for what they are worth and not a cent more,
> Admitting they were alive and did the work of their days,
> (They bore mites as for unfledged birds who have now to rise and fly and sing for themselves.)
> Accepting their rough deific sketches to fill out better in myself, bestowing them freely on each man and woman I see.

He acknowledged his debt to old masters:

> I conn'd old times
> I sat studying at the feet of great masters,
> Now, if eligible, O that the great masters might return and study me.

Starting with Section XVII of "Song of Myself," he delivers his message.

He tells us there is nothing new in the message. "These are the thoughts of men in all ages and lands, they are not original with me." It is not for the *élite* only; it is for all, or it is nothing. His poems, "the meat for natural hunger," is a meal equally set for the wicked and the righteous. He would make appointments with all,

> The kept-women, sponger, thief, are hereby invited,
> The heavy-lipped slave is invited, the venerealee is invited,
> There shall be no difference between them and the rest.

The question he asks is the same old question with which man began his spiritual quest: "What is man anyhow? What am I? What are you"? and the answer he discovers is the same that the seers had discovered. The Self is the same in all.

> In all people I see myself, none more and not a barleycorn less. . . .
> I know I am solid and sound. . .
> To me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow. . .
> I know I am deathless . . .
> I am august. . . .
> My foothold is tenon'd and mortised in granite,
> I laugh at what you call dissolution . . .
> I am divine within and without.

He makes yet another discovery. The Self is the same as the Divine Spirit. Whitman finds divinity masked behind faces and objects. He saw no imperfection anywhere in a world rid of death and evil.

> Do you see O my brothers and sisters?
> It is not chaos or death — it is form, union, plan,
> — it is eternal life — it is Happiness.

He believes that there is a creative evolutionary force at work, helping all along the way of perfection — "Nature's amelioration blessing all." Man is divine; the future is certain. Heaven and hell mean nothing. The world is not to be rejected; for it is the path, the open road of the soul, and for each soul it is a solitary journey. Materialism is true and spirituality is true. The human body, identity, personality are all divine miracles to be cherished and never abased. In due time everyone will arrive at that perfection of body and soul that will make him or her like unto a god.

It may be noticed here that an awareness of plan and purpose in the world process is a feature of mystical enlightenment. Mystics have often appeared to oppose creeds because the latter tend to halt, although temporarily, what is essentially a continuous evolutionary process. Mystics guessed it early. All growth is development, a progressive evolutionary movement. Jalaluddin Rumi wrote:

I died as mineral and became a plant,
I died as plant and rose to animal,
I died as animal and I was man.
Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?
Yet once more I shall die as man, to soar with
angels blest; but even from angelhood,
I must pass on. . . .
Oh, let me not exist! for non-existence
Proclaims in organ tunes, "to Him we shall return."[2]

The South Indian Saint Manikka Vachakar sang:

Grass was I, shrub was I, worm, tree,
Full many a kind of beast, bird, snake,
Stone, man and demon . . . 'midst the hosts I served,
The forms of mighty asuras, ascetics, Gods I bore,
Within these immobile and mobile forms of life,
In every species born, weary I've grown, great Lord.[3]

Whitman's post-Darwinian expression of the same insight runs:

Afar down I see the huge first nothing, I knew I was even there,
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Long I was hugg'd close — long and long,
Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen,
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings;
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother generations guided me,
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and
deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employed to complete and
delight me;
Now on this spot I stand with my robust Soul.

("Song of Myself")

The spiritual determinism underlying his works promises hope for man today. *Leaves of Grass* attempts a resolution of the tensions created by

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[2] REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON'S translation, p. 155

[3] POPE, G. V.: *Tiruvacagam* (Madras), p. 3

the rival claims of matter and spirit, body and soul, individual and society. Man, free from fear and abasement, shall, with Boehme, "recognize god in grass and plants," and most of all in fellow men — in a world of light and love.

How could a clean and healthy body doing its normal functions be an impediment? On the contrary the flesh and the appetites, all the miracles continually performed by the senses and each part and tag of man are necessary to work out the process of the soul's ascent: "None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how certain the future is."

Whitman has now to rouse his unawake brethren who are unmanned by a sense of sin and the threat of Hell.

> I seize the descending man and raise him with resistless will,
> O despairer, here is my neck,
> By God, you shall not go down! Hang your whole weight upon me.

The assurance of the blossoming of the divine latent in everyone is the central message of the *Leaves*.

> Buds to be unfolded on the old terms,
> If you bring the warmth of the sun to them they will open and
> bring form, colour, perfume to you.

This is a destiny awaiting all, even the inanimate, and to be fulfilled in due time — the promise of a divine life on earth.

O. K. NAMBIAR

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IN a certain sense, every single human soul has more meaning and value than the whole of history with its empires, its wars and revolutions, its blossoming and fading civilizations.

—BERDYAEV

H. G. NARAHARI

# Jayantabhatta: Poet-Philosopher of Kashmir

[Dr. H. G. Narahari, M.A., M.LITT., PH.D., is an old friend of our journal and has contributed many interesting articles, especially on topics of Indology and Sanskrit literature, out of the wide store of his scholarship. In this article he offers us a general introduction to the ninth-century Kashmiri poet-philosopher Jayantabhaṭṭa, who was an authority of the Nyāya school of Indian philosophy and probably also the author of an elaborate but philosophically important allegorical play. Dr. Narahari has already written in greater detail on this author in specialized periodicals.—ED.]

NO ONE who would like to be looked upon as a serious student of Indian philosophy can afford not to know the name of Jayantabhaṭṭa, who is really among our foremost writers in Nyāya of the Old School (*Prācīna*). The Father of the Modern (*Navya*) School of Nyāya, Gaṅgeśopādhyāya, calls[1] him an ancient follower of the Nyāya School (*Jarannaiyāyika*) and treats his views with great respect. As the author of a new and important gloss (*navavṛttikāra*) on select Nyāya aphorisms of Gautama, the *Nyāyamañjarī*,[2] he seems to have been held in high esteem even during his lifetime. While this work is undoubtedly the "noblest production" of this great writer and "one of the most brilliant treatises in the history of Nyāya Philosophy" another short work, called *Nyāyakalikā*,[3] which summarizes the Nyāya views on the sixteen categories (*padārtha*) for the benefit of beginners (*bālavyutpattaye*), is also attributed to him.

It is also not impossible that the philosophic drama, *Ṣaṇmatanāṭaka*, sometimes[4] called *Āgamaḍambara*, was also composed by Jayantabhaṭṭa. This is still in the form of MS.,[5] and a more definite pronouncement in the matter is difficult till the work sees the light of day.[6] This is an allegorical drama in four Acts wherein the characters are the representatives of the different schools of Indian philosophy, heterodox and orthodox. Under the former category come the Buddhist, the Jain, and the Atheist represented respectively by Dharmottara, Jinarakṣita, and Vṛddhāmbi. The representatives of Mīmāṁsā are Saṁkarṣaṇa, who, by virtue of his spiritual abilities, seems to have been regarded as like unto a great

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[1] *Tattvacintāmaṇi* (Bibliotheca Indica, Calcutta. 1897), III. 61

[2] Kashi Sanskrit Series, No. 106 (Banaras, 1936)

[3] Sarasvati Bhavana Texts, No. 17 (Banaras. 1925)

[4] Introducing the play, the *Sūtradhāra* refers to it saying: "*Bhatta Jayantasya kṛtir abhinavaṃ agamaḍambaraṁ nāma kim api rūpakam*" (Act I).

[5] Two MSS. of this play are known, one in the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, Poona (No. 437 of 1892-95), and the other in one of the Pathan Libraries.

[6] The drama is being edited by the Mithila Institute of Sanskrit Research at Darbhanga (Bihar).

*ṛṣi* (*maharṣinirviśeṣaḥ*), and the famous Viśvarūpa often identified with Bhavabhūti and Sureśvara. The Śaiva-Pāśupata school is represented by Dharmaśiva and the Nyāya by Sāhaṭa, also called Dhairyarāśi. Poets are represented by Mañjīra, who appears to be the founder of a particular type of poetic composition quite familiar to us through the work of Kuntaka and writers on poetics like him. The first Act contains a discussion of the Buddhist theory of Momentary Flux (*Kṣaṇabhaṅgavāda*) between a Buddhist and a Mīmāṁsaka. In Act II the theory of Relative Pluralism (*Anekāntavāda*) is discussed with a *Kṣapaṇaka* (Jain ascetic). The Act ends with a picture of the revelry of participants in the *Nīlāmbaravrata*, wherein wine "offers celestial sport to couples of the sect." Act III leads us to the cremation-ground to be introduced to devotees (*sādhakas*) of the Śaiva and Śākta disciplines. We also meet here with a great Śaivācārya who engages himself in a lively debate with an atheist, silencing him at the end. The final Act is devoted to the eulogy of the Pāñcarātra school among *Āgamas* and to the establishment of Nyāya as the best school of thought (*darśana*) by Sāhaṭa, the preceptor of the author. The play ends with an exhortation to tolerance[7] towards all time-honoured religions (*tīrthāni*) whose paths are different (*pṛthakprasthānāni*). Those who abuse the privileges afforded by their discipline are to be expelled from their respective fold (*durācāratayā ye viplāvayanti śāstraṁ dharmaṁ ca teṣāṁ svāśrameṣvavakāśo na deyaḥ*).

It is to this *Nāṭaka*[8] that we owe the information that, even as a youth, Jayantabhaṭṭa had written a commentary on grammar (*vyākaraṇavivaraṇa*) and had therefore become known as the author of a gloss (*vṛttikāra*). Our author is sometimes[9] identified with Jayantasvāmin, who is known to have composed the *Āśvalāyanagṛhyakārikā* and a commentary on the *Āśvalāyanagṛhyasūtras*, entitled *Vimalodayamālā*.

As regards details concerning the personal history of Jayantabhaṭṭa, the main source of our information is the *Kādambarīkathāsāra*[10] of his son, Abhinanda, though the details given here are corroborated in the main and even supplemented sometimes by the information available in the *Nyāyamañjarī* and the *Ṣaṇmatanāṭaka*. We thus learn that his fifth ancestor, Śakti, had originally migrated from the Gauḍa region and settled down in Kashmir in the region[11] of the lower and middle hills lying between the Vitastā and the Candrabhāga rivers called Dārvābhisāra or Dīrghābhisāra. He was a Gauḍa brahmin of the Bhāradvāja *gotra*. The

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[7] Cf. The *Nyāyamañjarī* (I. 241 ff.) which lays down that Śiva and Viṣṇu are but different manifestations of the same God (*Īśvara*)

[8] Act I [9] KANE: *History of Dharmaśāstra* (Poona. 1930), I. 698b

[10] Introductory Verses, 5 ff.

[11] Identified by Stein in his translation of Kalhaṇa's *Rājataraṅgiṇī*, I. 180 fn.

minister of King Muktāpīḍa (A.D. 733-69) of Kashmir, called Śaktisvāmin, was his grandson. His son and our author's grandfather was Kalyāṇasvāmin, a great sacrificer and *Yogin*, who performed the *Sāṁgrahaṇī* sacrifice and obtained as a result the village called *Gauramūlaka*.[12] The name of Jayantabhaṭṭa's father was Candra. If the statement put in the mouth of Dharmaśiva in the *Ṣaṇmatanāṭaka*[13] represents a historical fact, then Jayantabhaṭṭa was the minister (*mantrin*) to King Śaṅkaravarman (A.D. 883-902), successor to King Avantivarman. On the basis of this and other evidences, internal and external, it is possible to conclude[14] that, by A.D. 890, during the reign of King Śaṅkaravarman, our author should have been quite an elderly man about sixty years old.

The *Nyāyamañjarī* of Jayantabhaṭṭa is not only the most famous of his works, but also a very authoritative work in Nyāya philosophy, whose chief purpose is to establish the *Nyāya* view as the most feasible in contemporary thought. Very great care is taken in the work to remove, on the defensive side, all loopholes in old definitions.[15] They are all fortified by the fullest set of qualifications calculated to make them withstand the sharpest attack of the strongest adversary. On the offensive side the author assesses very carefully the strength of the position of his adversaries individually and has a particular way of attack meant for each of them.[16] The least important of these adversaries seem to be the Cārvākas (Materialists) while the Buddhists are admittedly the most powerful. As heretics they need not be considered at all, feels Jayantabhaṭṭa, while expounding the orthodox doctrine. But, since they have pretensions to ability in the art of reasoning and have their own view in almost every matter, their theories need to be referred to frequently for purposes of refutation.[17] The Jains come in rarely for any serious criticism.

Considering his own brethren in the faith, the other followers of the orthodox doctrine (*Vaidika*), the Vaiśeṣika is only a follower of the Nyāya view in point of reasoning.[18] As for the remaining Scholiasts, Jayantabhaṭṭa feels that none of them is capable of defending the authority (*prāmāṇya*) of the Veda against the powerful attacks of heretics like the Buddhist. In fact this is a task which is not in the province of any of them. Any attempt by them in this direction is full of risks; for they are bound to lose their way in the thorny wilds of false reasoning (*Kutarka*).[19] The pitiable attempts of the Mīmāṁsakas and the Sāṁkhyas,

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[12] This is called *Ghoramūlaka* in the *Rājataraṅgiṇī*, VIII. 1861.

[13] Act III.

[14] For details, see H. G. NARAHARI: *Poona Orientalist* (1957), XXII. 77.

[15] See, for instance, *Nyāyamañjarī*, I.

[16] See my "*Nyāyamañjarī* Studies, No. 4" in the Silver Jubilee Volume of the *Journal of the Kerala University MSS. Library*. Trivandrum (1963), Vol. XII.

[17] *Nyāyamañjarī*, I. 4. [18] *Ibid.* [19] *Ibid.*

particularly of the former, provide the utmost amusement to Jayantabhaṭṭ,[20] who cannot help laughing outright. It is his honest conviction that this is essentially the business of the Nyāya School, which is *the* Science of Reasoning (*Pramāṇavidyā*).[21] Grammar and grammarians are also treated[22] in as light a way by Jayantabhaṭṭa during his debates, but he should be understood in the right spirit. He lived in a day when none could be recognized as a true scholar unless he had a deep knowledge of three disciplines (*Śāstras*): Grammar, Mīmāṁsā, and Nyāya (*Padavākyapramāṇapārāvārapārīṇa*), and was as much at home in grammar or Mīmāṁsā as he was in Nyāya. It is his supreme mastery over all these *Śāstras* that gives him the rare courage to assume a lighter vein amidst his very serious discussions with some of the very best votaries of these three branches of knowledge.[23] Though no individual writer is mentioned by name, the Advaitic ideas regarding Nescience (*Avidyā*), Super-imposition (*Adhyāsa*) and False Transformation (*Vivarta*) come in for strong criticism in this work.[24]

The whole of the *Nyāyamañjarī* is in the form of the actual proceedings of a formal debate and, as a disciplined debator, the author presents a very faithful picture of the position of his most powerful opponent. This is particularly true of the analysis[25] of the position of the materialistic Cārvākas, who are even subdivided into groups like *Nipuṇa*, *Suśikṣita*, and *Dhūrta*, which we find in this work. The account of the four schools of Buddhism we get here[26] is perhaps the most accurate among those attempted by a Brahmin philosopher in Sanskrit, an account which would be acceptable to the Buddhists themselves. The student of Mīmāṁsā or of the philosophy of grammar would likewise find here ample material so necessary for a full understanding of these schools of thought.

As an orthodox (*Vaidika*) philosopher Jayantabhaṭṭa has reverence for the authority of the Veda; but, as a true Naiyāyika, he cannot accept that it is authorless. He therefore argues[27] that a composition like the Veda can be the work only of an omniscient person (*sarvajña*s and that this person is God (*Īśvara*). Nor can our author agree with the general belief that the place of the *Atharvaveda* is outside the pale of the *Trayī* (Triple Veda), composed of the three other Vedas. It is his firm conviction that, as a Vedic text which is useful for self-study (*svādhyāya*) or as an instrument to secure the *summum bonum* of life, the *Atharvaveda*

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[20] H. G. NARAHARI: *loc. cit.*, pp. 2 ff.

[21] *Nyāyamañjarī*, I. 4 ff.

[22] *Ibid.*, I. 385 ff. [23] H. G. NARAHARI: *Poona Orientalist*, XXVI. 123.

[24] *Nyāyamañjarī*, II. 94 ff. [25] *Ibid.*, I. 59, 113; II. 38 ff.

[26] *Ibid.*, I. 14 ff.

[27] H. G. NARAHARI: *Bulletin of the Deccan College Research Institute*, XVIII. 31 ff.

is on a par with any other text in the Vedic canon. Four are the branches of the Vedic tree, each one having numerous offshoots, radiant with countless flowers and fruits whose extremely sweet juice is drunk deeply by the eager mouth of the priestly singer.[28]

Quite as important as the content of the *Nyāyamañjarī* is the unique language in which it is written, and this commands more than ordinary attention. We have it, on the authority of Abhinanda,[29] son of Jayantabhaṭṭa, that his father was a very graceful writer of the Sanskrit language. Jayantabhaṭṭa himself alludes to this point, though very modestly, at the commencement[30] of his *Nyāyamañjarī,* which is full of very elegant verses and sparkling sentences. A study[31] of this work from this standpoint would show that its author is really among the greatest writers of the Sanskrit language, and ranks with Patañjali and Śabara, Śaṁkara and Vācaspati. The range of his vocabulary is vast, his diction profound, and expression most mellifluous.

So attentive is Jayantabhaṭṭa to the style of his book that he attempts to make almost every one of his sentences as elegant as possible. As a result a wealth of synonyms comes to be employed by him,[32] while referring not only to rival scholiasts, orthodox and heterodox, but even to such common objects as fire, the sun, night, clouds, lotuses, and mountains. The Mīmāṁsakas are thus known by such names as *Śrotriya, Pravara,* and *Jaiminīya*; the Sāṁkhya by *Kapilabrāhmaṇa, Kapila,* and *Kāpila,* the Cārvāka by *Bārhaspatya* and *Suraguru,* and the Buddhist by *Aruṇāmbara, Kṣapaṇaka, Duṣṭasaugata, Devānāṁ Priya, Raktapaṭa* and similar coined names. Kaṇāda, the protagonist of the Vaiśeṣika school, is here called *Kaṇavrata,* while the Yoga school of Patañjali is referred to as *Bhogimata.* Grandeur in expression is achieved by phrases like "Futility of the pursuit of a mirage" (*mṛgatṛṣṇānusaraṇaraṇaraṇaka*), "Fuel for the Fire of Hell" (*narakānalasyendhana*) and "Path of entrance to the prison of the cycle of existences" (*saṁsārakārābhavanapraveśamārga*). Use of choice grammatical forms like *āditsā, udapādi, siṣādhayiṣita,* and *gandharvanagarāyate* and of onomotopaeas like *paṭapaṭāyate, chalachalāyante* and *dhakadhakāyate* are further proofs of this author's command over the Sanskrit language.

The very sound knowledge of the most intricate points of Mīmāṁsā philosophy which Jayantabhaṭṭa possesses gives him a rare self-confidence, which makes him assume a very light vein while controverting some of the most cardinal doctrines of this school. In these attacks we have even

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[28] *Ibid.*, p. 35.
[29] *Kādambarīkathāsāra*, I. 2.
[30] I. 8-9.
[31] For details see *Poona Orientalist*, XXIV. 104 ff; XXVI. 119 ff.
[32] For full details see H. G. NARAHARI: *Poona Orientalist*, XXVI. 121 ff.

a sample of the sense of humour[33] which this learned scholar seems to combine with his great learning.

The very opening verse of the *Nyāyamañjarī* serves as a good illustration of the figure Alliteration (*Anuprāsa*). More striking instances of this figure of speech are found in the prose-portion[34] which forms the bulk of the text. Here is a sample:

*Viṣayagrahaṇakāle vijñānagrahaṇamātrakeṇa bāhyārthanihnavavādinaḥ śākyāḥ śakyāḥ śamayitum.*

As an illustration of the fine metaphors (*rūpaka*) one frequently meets with in this work may be considered the following verse[35]:

*Nyāyauṣadhivanebhyo'yam āhṛtaḥ paramo rasaḥ*
*Idam ānvīkṣikīkṣīrān navanītam ivoddhṛtam*

Sometimes[36] a pleasant simile (*upamā*) is employed to convey a recondite idea in a beautiful manner. And a few passages in the work,[37] demonstrating certain important features of good prose like elegance and balance, can well be mistaken for sentences from the work of masters like Bāṇa.

The following[38] is typical of the many fine verses in the work, full of poetic grace and beauty:

*Tāmbūlaṁ kusumasugandhayas samīrāḥ*
*Saudheṣu pratiphalitāḥ śaśāṅkabhāsaḥ*
*Vācaś ca praṇayanavāmṛtadravārdrā*
*Dūtīnāṁ dadhati na kasya rāgavṛddhim*

And, of the fine devotional verses one comes across frequently in this work, the following[39] is typical and shows the great ability of the author as a composer of devotional verse:

*Ekasya kasyacid aśeṣajagatprasūti-*
*hetor anādipuruṣasya mahāvibhūteḥ*
*Sṛṣṭisthitipralayakāryavibhāgayogād*
*brahmeti viṣṇur iti rudra iti pratītiḥ*

H. G. NARAHARI

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[33] For an elaboration of the theme see H. G. NARAHARI: *Journal of the Kerala University MSS. Library*, cited above.

[34] I. 12 ff.

[35] I. 7 [36] I. 315. [37] II. 83 ff. [38] II. 83. [39] I. 242.

ODETTE TCHERNINE

# Save the Children Fund

[Miss Odette Tchernine is a poet, writer, and broadcaster with wide interests. In this article she reviews the excellent work being done all over the world by the Save the Children Fund.—Ed.]

THE SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND (SCF)[1] was founded in 1919 by Eglantyne Jebb (1876-1928). She was a dedicated sponsor and worker for human rights, especially those appertaining to children. She formulated the Declaration of the Rights of the Child and the Charter of the International Union for Child Welfare (Geneva background in both cases). The Charter was first proclaimed in 1923, was endorsed by the League of Nations (1924 and 1934), and in April 1946 the Social Commission of the United Nations stated that "the terms of the Declaration should be as binding on the peoples of the world today as they were in 1924."

The Save the Children Fund is a Founder Member of the International Union for Child Welfare and is a Member of the National Council for Social Service. In 1938, the essence of the Declaration of Geneva was reaffirmed. That Charter has been translated into thirty-nine languages, and its terms are laid down as:

1. The Child must be protected beyond and above all consideration of race, nationality, or creed.
2. The Child must be cared for with due respect for the family as an entity.
3. The Child must be given the means requisite for its normal development, materially, morally, and spiritually.
4. The Child that is hungry must be fed, the Child that is sick must be nursed, the Child that is physically or mentally handicapped must be helped, the maladjusted Child must be re-educated, the orphan and the waif must be sheltered and succoured.
5. *The Child must be the first to receive relief in times of distress.*
6. The Child must enjoy the full benefits provided by social welfare and social security schemes, must receive a training which will enable it, at the right time, to earn a livelihood, and must be protected against every form of exploitation.
7. The Child must be brought up in the consciousness that its talents must be devoted to the service of its fellow men.

These principles have been formulated in a briefer but all-embracing

[1] Save the Children Fund (SCF), 28 Queen Anne's Gate, London S.W.1. Patron: H. M. Queen Elizabeth II. President: The Rt. Hon. Viscount Boyd of Merton, C.H. Chairman: Sir Edward Windley, K.C.M.G., R.C.V.O. Hon. Treasurer: Mr. J. D. Stobart. Director-General: Brigadier T. W. Boyce, O.B.E., M.C., M.M.

framework for the Save the Children Fund's own Charter thus:

> An association limited by guarantee and incorporated in 1921 under the Companies Act, whose aim it is, irrespective of race, nationality or creed, to preserve child life wherever menaced by conditions of hardship or distress, and to raise the standards of child care and protection throughout the world.

How has all this great work fared? This report is the result of research and first-hand interviews and observations to find out.

Mr. Frederick Tomlinson, the London Headquarters' Press Officer, was interviewed several times, as well as another prominent colleague of the London office, who, like Mr. Tomlinson, formerly a well-known Fleet Street news editor, has had widespread experience: Major J. P. Fonseca.

Though obviously several important organizations are involved in bettering conditions for children wherever need exists, there is very little overlapping, even when some of the same ground is covered in the execution and administration of schemes by the various societies. From analysis the consensus of opinion in informed circles is that different societies, and that includes the voluntary ones like the SCF, functioning with similar aims in view, are better than one vast official umbrella. Co-operation and exchange of data between different bodies provide the personal influence, so that the human touch is never engulfed or lost. What is more, such bodies as the SCF, while operating on voluntary donations, have the official blessing none the less.

The voluntary society has an important role to play in national and international fields side by side with welfare states. It has been suggested that possibly government taxes or levies to ease distress would serve better than approaching the public with multiple appeals. But this is not so. For instance, Mr. John Wilson, the Director of the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind, among other protagonists, considers that voluntary societies have personal character, which appeals to the individual who likes to feel that, by helping to mitigate disease and suffering, he is assisting someone less fortunate than himself.

The Fund exists in its manifold child-welfare work by donations from individuals and collective bodies, and is entirely supported by voluntary gifts in its activities for preserving child life wherever menaced by hardship or distress. A year ago, roughly, the Fund's work cost £3,000 per day. Responsibilities have so increased that now those costs are £4,000 daily, and may rise. That is due to thousands of additional children under the Fund's care, extended these days to parts of the world that are riddled with political trouble spots, and also where through actual warfare children are orphaned, maimed, or starving.

Staffs of experts work in the Far East, Africa, India, the West Indies,

Greece, impoverished regions of southern Italy, and — in the United Kingdom too. When emergencies arise, the Fund provides personal help, whether medical, nutritional, or educational. Children are frequently rescued from squalor and danger. But those dedicated trained teams cannot save as many children as they and their Society would wish. The answer can only be — more regular donations on a substantial scale.

Children are fed regularly in backward, emerging countries and in places where internal dissension has caused disruption. Mothers are taught nutritional values and hygiene, and how to make the best of, or improve upon, existing circumstances. Nurses and other specialists live on the spot for pilot periods, and establish better conditions so that communities learn how to help themselves. This is not a one-way traffic. More informed communities can then spread their newly acquired knowledge to others.

Some of the lands where the Save the Children Fund helps to feed children and treats them medically have contributed themselves to the enormous sums required to keep up this vital work. For example, the Basuto of Africa have contributed £1,000 towards a school feeding scheme the Fund inaugurated. In Algeria in 1963 the Fund's campaign included the setting up of a model Infant Medical and Welfare Clinic in Orleansville. It now still looks after about seventy children daily. The fund has adopted homes for orphans in Algiers, and in Hong Kong rescue activities operate in several fields. Contributions from Norway provided the opening in 1961 of the first hostel to assist Hong Kong's street boys — potential delinquents — and so encourage them to good citizenship. In the Congo, a child-saving drive began early in 1964 under the auspices of the World Health Organization. SCF midwives were drafted where most urgently needed. Now those same nurses will train Congolese staff to take over the work gradually.

On Britain's home front the Fund has promoted the setting up of valuable youth clubs, co-operated with pioneer and character-building movements like the Outward Bound Trust, and also provided homes for children in need of family care and affection who have been deprived of such normal conditions by unforeseen domestic misfortunes. One of these homes is the friendly, family-atmosphere Warren Wood Home for children at Shooter's Hill, London, S.E. 18, a quite country-scene area of outer London.

New citizens from emerging or other lands sometimes find strange environment and facilities puzzling at first. Miracles of modern heating, cooking, and lighting must be handled with care by new users. Useful information is provided to such people as to the many reasonably priced safety gadgets that can be applied to any modern fuel, gas, and electricity appliances in particular.

The relations of the SCF with India are stated to be very good. Under the heading of Freedom from Hunger, the Fund is providing and equipping nine mobile units to take part in an intensive campaign against malnutrition affecting many sections of India's 450,000,000 population. The units will be staffed and maintained by the Indian Government. They will work and demonstrate in both rural and urban areas in the States of Andhra Pradesh, Bihar, Gujarat, Kerala, Maharashtra, Mysore, Orissa, Panjab, and Rajasthan.

The Indian Council deals with Indian children in need of care, and the Save the Children Fund was invited by the Indian Government to aid the Tibetan children now in certain Indian areas. The Fund works with the Central Relief Committee to co-ordinate all the work for Tibetan refugees in India.

Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, has been one of the Fund's hardest workers for many years. She has travelled the world in its interests, and is Chairman of the Overseas Relief and Welfare Committee, one important branch of the Fund's activities. In the spring of 1964 she went to the Fund's Tibetan Refugee Children's Centre — now one of several — in Northern India, where very fine work has been done, and continues. She was born in India. Her second name is Naldere, after the hill village not far from Simla where the SCF Tibetan work is centred.

Although six years have elapsed since the Chinese invasion of Tibet, no permanent home has yet been found for 40,000 Tibetans, and meanwhile their children must be cared for. Two homes in Simla have been running for four years. They provide food, shelter, medical care, education, and security for more than three hundred children. The nurses at the homes are also treating as out-patients numbers of children living in the road camps in the Simla area. Under the aegis of the Fund's Voluntary Service Overseas, volunteers have continued to give great assistance at the Simla homes.

Adult Tibetans are mainly employed in roadmaking by the Indian Government. Apparently they live in road camps. SCF is now investigating a scheme to bring medical aid to the refugees — children are involved there too, it seems — and to train Tibetan nursery nurses for the camps. An SCF matron is working in the Tibetan nursery at Dharamsala near the residence of His Holiness the Dalai Lama. She is responsible for the health of about five hundred children, and co-operating with a doctor from the Swiss Red Cross.

At Mussoorie the Fund's health visitor continues her work in seventeen homes set up by the Tibetans Homes Foundation.

Tibetan women are being trained as nurses for the children, and their

husbands are being taught the trades of carpentry, metal work, and other relevant occupations to help their integration with their Indian neighbours. According to the Fund's representatives, the Indian peoples welcome the Tibetans, most of whom now are reconciled to not returning to their "Land of Snows."

A documentary film in sixteen-millimetre was made in India early in 1965 by the Mithras Film Company for the Fund's campaign for rescue of the Tibetans, which was achieved and is still operating well jointly with the Indian Government. Its title is *Exile,* and it gives a beautifully shot and produced picture of the Tibetan scene, the people, traditions, scenery, and some of the migration. A fine commentary was recorded for it by Mr. Dirk Bogarde, the actor, who gave his services. The Indian scenes are especially good, and also shots of the Fund's homes and the children.

The Save the Children Fund cares for a family of over a hundred thousand a month, and it is liable to grow. That calculation of a needed £4,000 daily to keep up the world-wide work in its long-term operations at home and overseas is a low estimate. Continuous personal interest and consistent financial support is needed to wipe out all the evils of hunger, disease, and poverty among the children of the world.

ODETTE TCHERNINE

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## A Child's Drawing

Somewhat absurd, yet vividly conceived,
Larger, yet less than life,
Intriguing extravaganza
Composed of strokes undisciplined wherein
Something of pristine beauty we discern
Enchanting our sophisticated minds.

HERBERT BLUEN

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# New Books and Old

## A Dramatist of the American Dream*

THIS BOOK grew out of a study which was originally submitted as a doctoral dissertation at the University of Pennsylvania in 1957. The author went to the U.S.A. on a Smith-Mundt Fulbright Fellowship and won the American Civilization Graduate Fellowship in 1958. At present he is a Reader at the Andhra University.

The subject is well chosen. Eugene O'Neill was the second American to win the Nobel Prize and his place as a dramatist of international rank is beside George Bernard Shaw and Sean O'Casey. By common consent he is America's greatest playwright and his work divided theatrical history in America sharply into two, before and after O'Neill. He pioneered the drama of serious realism with uncompromising honesty. Before him the stage was dominated by a timorous and genteel sentimentality. As an American playwright he won the Pulitzer Prize three times. To study O'Neill, both as a man and as an artist, is one of the best possible ways to make an acquaintance with American culture in itself and in relation to the world. This book is a tribute to the scholarship of Dr. Raghavacharyulu and the wisdom of those who guided his research at the University of Pennsylvania.

O'Neill did not think of becoming a playwright until 1913, when tuberculosis confined him to a sanatorium for some time. He was twenty-five years old, rather late to begin a writing career. But O'Neill had grown up in the theatre. His father was a well-known actor, a flamboyant and romantic *émigré* whose life was an unending dialogue between the *émigré* alienness and America's transforming Americanness. His mother was a gentle and beautiful actress driven to drugs by her husband's rages. As a child O'Neill never had a settled home nor steady quiet affection. In 1906 he was sent to Princeton but flunked out the following year. A period of wildness followed. He married, divorced, prospected for gold, and went to sea, sailing from Southampton to Cape Horn. When he did decide to write he had a fund of varied experience at his disposal and an intimate knowledge of the workings of the theatre.

Success came fairly quickly. By the twenties his reputation was established. By 1925, he was able to explain what he was trying to do to Professor Quinn in these words:

> I've always tried to interpret life in terms of lives, never just lives in terms of character. I'm always acutely conscious of the Force behind (Fate, God, our biological past creating our present, whatever one calls it — Mystery certainly) and of the eternal tragedy of Man in his glorious, self-destructive struggle to make the Force express him instead of being, as an animal is, an infinitesimal incident in its expression. And my proud conviction is that this is the only subject worth writing about and that it is possible — or can be — to develop a tragic expression in terms of transfigured modern values and symbols in the theatre which may to some degree bring home to members of a modern audience their ennobling identity with the tragic figures of the stage.

This is the dilemma of every actor, the dilemma of Western man in general, of American man in particular, of every developed individual.

This mystery was for O'Neill the

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* *Eugene O'Neill : A Study*. By D. V. K. RAGHAVACHARYULU. (Popular Prakashan, Bombay. 232 pp. 1965. Rs. 20.00)

reality which surrounds everyday life. He leaves spaces between the short, commonplace sentences he uses, sentences unimpressive in themselves, taken from the lips of uncultured speakers. These spaces take on the illuminating importance of a window behind a pot of geranium. They heighten and reveal the Mystery, making both the actors and the audience aware of it in what is, essentially, a religious experience.

"The sickness of today," O'Neill once said, "is that the 'Old God' is dead and a new one is not in sight." Educated men, rational, sceptical, efficient, have sought to barricade themselves against any awareness of the strange forces present in us and at work in our lives. This they do with an array of fashionable masks depicting the various intellectual attitudes and an assortment of costumes which identify them with the groups within which they seek a security and freedom from fear which only the glad recognition of the Mystery can bring.

Therefore O'Neill goes to the humble, the uneducated. The light of the Mystery can show through the coarsely woven fabric of their lives. The American dream was meant to bring freedom to all men and women. O'Neill's is not the cultivated New England aristocracy of Henry James.

The American dilemma has always been, first, how to realize this dream in one's own person and life; secondly, how to relate oneself to the rest of mankind, those who have never had, and cannot have, the American experience.

From the first issues failure, the failure that is tragedy in America. Dream lacks the solidity and stability of long-established tradition; and tradition, more often than not, contradicts it because it is based upon hierarchical considerations, rank. By its very nature dream is chimerical, intangible. But American literature differs from all other literatures in having a very particular dream as its background, the dream of a consciously democratic ideal, a dream of freedom, of autonomous responsibility. Countries and people have been conquered and founded by the personal ambitions of single men, but never before has a country been deliberately founded on such a dream. This may give American literature a provincial flavour, but it is the pungent flavour of the wild honey from which mead was once made and oblations offered to the original gods. It is an honourable provinciality which is deeper and more real that the wit of any court or coterie. The harshness and violence of modern American writing is the measure of the disillusionment of writers, not with the dream, but with the disparity between the dream and reality.

O'Neill strives to relate the lives of his people both to the American dream and the world as a whole. Irreconcilable elements are sharply silhouetted against the light in the powerful play, *Emperor Jones,* the pity and terror of personal collapse in *All God's Chillun Got Wings,* and *The Hairy Ape. The Hairy Ape* is the tragedy of the man who seeks to conform to the point of turning himself into an animal.

Of his forty-seven plays the one that O'Neill himself considered his best is *Lazarus Laughed.* The inadequacy of doctrinaire religion has led man to deny the Christian God altogether. Substitutes have been sought in mythology, biology, psychology, sociology, and anthropology. As early as the eighteen-nineties there was an attempt to cultivate a pagan humanism in England. For O'Neill all faiths are essentially identical. Religious experience has a common, archetypal, ground. Men meet in a reciprocity of suffering and sorrow. Lazarus is a man who, having passed through the experience of death, has lost his fear of it. The antics of those who seek to conceal from themselves and others the many fears that plague them amuse him. He laughs. He requires no mask, no uniform. He is as naked, as joyous, as free, as truth. Death does not transform him into a deity. It gives him the courage to be a

Man, a free Man, a simple, natural Man, a fearless Man. The Man of the Dream?

Dr. Raghavacharyulu sees in *Lazarus Laughed* a play of the Saviours, Judaeo-Christian, Graeco-Roman, Sino-Indian. Death is a universal subject. He goes so far as to suggest a comparison or affinity between Lazarus and Krishna. Here, frankly, the present reviewer cannot follow him. Lazarus is not a Saviour. He is not a divinity of any kind. His significance is that he is just an ordinary man who dies like all other men, ordinary and extraordinary. His experience sets him free. As a divinity he would have been deprived of that experience; for death would not have existed for him. It did not exist for Krishna.

As one critic has very ably said, O'Neill's plays are cardiograms of the outraged human heart, poignantly charting the cancelled dream, the thwarted hope, the twisted love. His Lazarus triumphs, winning through as only a man can win through.

This is a type of study of which many more are required. It represents a solid contribution to mutual understanding. In our eagerness to know each other and be friends, however, we should not blur or blunt distinctions. Differences can add to our pleasure if they are rightly interpreted. The theme of all American literature is the American dream. It is a dream not shared by any other literature, Western or Eastern. It exists in the background of the American mind and imagination in much the same way that the Himalayas exist on the heights of the Indian mind and imagination.

LILA RAY

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*Doctrine and Argument in Indian Philosophy*. By NINIAN SMART. Muirhead Library of Philosophy, George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 255 pp. 1964. 37*s*. 6*d*.)

Ninian Smart is already known in learned circles as the author of a very fine book, *Reasons and Faiths* (London. 1958). The book under review, written primarily for the Western reader, is a bird's-eye survey of the schools of Indian philosophy and the arguments employed by them to sustain their central contentions. The author does not claim any originality in his exposition of Indian philosophy, or pretend to add anything new to the numerous works on Indian philosophy already published by competent scholars, both Indian and Western. The author aims at two things in his book: one, giving an account of Indian Philosophy free from Sanskrit phrases and idioms, so that it may be easily understood by the Western reader; and second, to exhibit the religious determinants of Indian metaphysical systems. In fulfilling the former aim he has gone to the length of giving an English rendering of every Sanskrit term, including even the names of the philosophical systems. For example, *darśanas* is rendered as "viewpoints"; *Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika* as "Logic-Atomism"; *Sāṁkhya* as "Distinctionism"; *Mīmāṁsā* as "Exegesis"; the two sects of Jainism, *Digambar* and *Śvetāmbar*, as "Sky-clad" and "White-clad," respectively, and so on. The reviewer wonders whether these English equivalents will ever gain currency amongst Western readers and scholars of Indian philosophy, who have by now become well acquainted with the Sanskrit terms which the author now tries to replace by their English equivalents — the question of the aptness of these renderings quite apart.

In connection with the second aim, it is good that the author has initially made the following clear:

> The fact that the main determinants of the metaphysical systems have been religious does not at all entail that the arguments used in elaborating and defending them are mere window-dressing. It does not at all mean that the arguments are lacking in subtlety and intrinsic interest. My aim therefore is a clear, if by necessity highly selective, exposition of

such philosophical arguments, so that Westerners with philosophical interests can have a reasonably accurate picture of how certain main issues have been treated in the Indian tradition.

The kernel of the author's thesis is to be found in Ch. x of the book, entitled "Analysis of the Religious Factors in Indian Metaphysics." It is here that he essays to elaborate his main contention that "the various patterns of Indian metaphysics reflect a varied emphasis upon meditation and devotionalism" (p. 138). What the author has actually done in this chapter is to take nine key ideas, the ideas of "Absolute," "Lord," "Creator," "world being real," "selves" (being real), "rebirth," "release," "devotion," and "meditative knowledge" and to show how these are distributed, affirmatively and negatively, in the different schools of Indian philosophy, orthodox as well as unorthodox. The ideas of "rebirth" and "release" are common in all the schools except in that of the Chārvāka Materialist. The author has shown his whole scheme in the form of a chart on p. 130, where x and o are used as symbols of affirmative and negative predications respectively. Such a rigid, chart-wise classification is bound to be defective in some ways. According to the chart the idea of devotion is not present in the schools of Non-dualism and Yoga. This is questionable. The Non-dualists do not rule out devotion. The Yoga system does advocate *Īśvara-praṇidhāna* or self-surrender to God.

The reviewer cannot help making one observation. All that our author has shown is this, that different religious ideas are associated with different metaphysical systems, *not* that the former are the *determinants* of the latter. In our opinion, the truth is just the other way. It is metaphysics which determines the religious or the spiritual ideal and not *vice versa*. This is evident from the fact that though "release" is commonly accepted by all the systems of Indian philosophy, it is differently formulated in each *in accordance with its own metaphysical premises.*

The book contains separate chapters on "Causation" and "Arguments for and against the Existence of God."

As an introduction to the doctrines and arguments in Indian philosophy, the book will be found useful, particularly by Western readers.

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

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*The Beginnings of Indian Philosophy: Selections from the Rig Veda, Atharva Veda, Upaniṣads, and Mahābhārata.* Trs. from the Sanskrit by FRANKLIN EDGERTON. (Unesco Collection of Representative Works — Indian Series. George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 362 pp. 1965. 45*s*.)

In the Introduction and elsewhere Professor Edgerton expresses views which, he complains, "seem not to have engaged the attention of my scholarly colleagues" to the extent hoped for. Through this book he now addresses "the general public."

His views, which he describes as "unconventional, not to say unorthodox," include such theories as the following: that *jñāna* (knowledge) is sought by the Vedas for the "mystic, magic power" attributed to it; that "Upaniṣad philosophy is simply an attempt to gain at one stroke all possible human ends, by *knowing*," so that there will be "no need of attempting by magic to gain this or that special desideratum"; that the Vedic Puruṣa is man, and "Ātman means simply self (like the German *sich*)," and speculation concerning these in Vedic literature "becomes increasingly anthropocentric"; that the concept of Brahman is "a thoroughly ritualistic notion"; and so on. "The dry bones of the Vedic ritual cult," says Professor Edgerton, "frequently rattle about in them [the Upaniṣads] . . . and seriously strain our patience and our charity."

He calls Vedic worship henotheistic, each god being worshipped as the

supreme Deity — but describes this henotheism as "a religious point of view which when dealing with any particular god, seems to feel it as an insult to his dignity to admit the competition of other deities," and for this reason, the Vedic god, he holds, "is given attributes which in strict logic could only be given to a sole monotheistic deity." There is, however, no suggestion of this feeling of insult in the Veda, which describes "all Devas [gods]" as "venerable . . . laudable . . . and adorable" (*ṚV.*, x.63.2) and makes clear declarations like: "Great is the single divinity of the Devas" (*ṚV.*, III.55.11 and later), and "That which is One the seers speak of in various terms" (*ṚV.*, I.164.46; Professor Edgerton's own translation, p. 51). One might ask why, according to the author's "strict logic," Vedic henotheism should not be called monotheism that permits the use of different names and forms for the sole Deity.

Professor Edgerton speaks of the influence of Louis Renou on him, but does not appear to have reacted like Renou to the poetry of the Vedas ("Classical India never regained the intensity of expression of some of these old poems," says the French savant in his *Vedic India*). Edgerton, however, is very sensitive to the poetic appeal of the *Bhagavad-Gita*. He finds that the *Gita* follows "the mystic's way of devotion (*bhakti*) to God." In the eleventh chapter of the *Gita* (given by him in Edwin Arnold's translation) there is, according to him, "a magnificent outpouring of noblest poetry" in which "the infinite majesty of the Divine Form is described . . ." (p. 46). He notes, however, with some dissatisfaction that "knowledge as a means of salvation is glorified in the *Gita*." In the other extract from the *Mahābhārata* we have a detailed account of Sāṁkhya as a path of knowledge.

Some of his translations are, indeed, very unconventional, like "wizard priest" for *yati* (an ascetic of the most ancient order); "heat" or "ascetic fervour as of a shaman" for *tapas*; "willingly" for *uśatī* (loving), etc. The text of the fine translation without the more controversial theories would have been better suited to the needs of the general public, unacquainted with the other side of the case.

A. C. BOSE

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*Ethical Philosophies of India.* By I. C. SHARMA. Edited and revised by STANLEY M. DAUGERT. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 374 pp. 1965. 42*s.*)

The varied but unified Indian ethical tradition here receives a surprisingly adequate one-volume treatment. Dr. Sharma, while maintaining the Indian thread, displays cogent references to Western ethics, issuing in a synthesis termed "Spiritual Humanism."

He allots the "central place" to the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, and well unfolds its relations with the various systems. Of these, he considers Sāṃkhya and Yoga as "the two most original," while "Mīmāṃsā occupies the most important place in Indian philosophy in general." thus repairing its frequent neglect. His treatment of Mīmāṃsā is profound, though many scholars will question his interpretation of Prajāpati as non-theistic, and the related view of the Vedic gods as "names of dynamic forces and not at all theistic conceptions" — hence no polytheism, henotheism, etc. In combating Zimmer's view of opposition between the Vedas and the Upaniṣads, he may well be right, as in his reinterpretation of Śaṁkara, stressing the latter's synthesis of action and knowledge, realism and mysticism, pluralism and monism, pragmatism and spiritualism.

Yet some generalizations will provoke controversy: the stress laid on the Hindu union of knowledge and action is perhaps an exaggeration useful for our days; but the view of Indian thought as "cosmic" — held not only by Betty Heimann but by countless

others, especially Indians — cannot be summarily denied. Man is surely not "superior . . . to God" in Indian thought, despite a few scattered contexts.

But excellent distinctions are also unfolded — e.g., that between *jñāna* and *vijñāna,* or the superiority of the *Mokṣa*-concept even over Kantian ethics. This is found in the altogether outstanding chapter on Jainism; while welcome, too, is the very fair treatment accorded to the scorned or neglected Cārvākas.

On Buddhism the author does not always quite rise to the subject (indeed, is all of the Mahāyāna "Indian"?). He treads too gently over the awkward carpet of Caste; while the element of Authority in Indian thought just cannot be brushed aside by a comparison with Western "dependence" on Plato, who was in any case not the earliest Western thinker; the later medievals indeed revered Aristotle excessively, but Descartes, Kant, the Hebraic Spinoza — to mention but three — are surely no mere offspring of Plato. "Othodox systems" — outside the Christian nexus, and there only somewhat feebly — just do not exist in a Europe fertilized by the restless curiosity of Hellenic "*non*-orthodoxism."

Welcome is the attention given to twentieth-century Indian thinkers. Dr. Sharma, in a detailed discussion of Gandhi, rightly stresses the positive and courageous facets of non-violence, as also the complex paths of "relative non-violence." Impressive is the chapter on Tagore's "universalistic personalism," his "artistic" philosophy, which yet is many-sided and firm, his view of *Līlā,* or play of "The Supreme Person," of rhythmic joy as akin to ethics itself. Well described, too, is the "spiritual humanism" of Radhakrishnan, though the informative chapter on Nehru's ethical thought naturally arouses political reflections which we cannot raise here. With the final "Contribution of Indian Ethics to Human Well-being" and its brave synthesis, we can largely agree; but why, in any fusion of East and West, is the West always represented merely by science and technology? What of Western art, philosophy, learning, spirituality? And why is "Eastern" too often (though in this book less than elsewhere) equated with "Indian"? The index contains only two references to Lao Tze, none to Confucius or Mencius, and one to China (passing remarks on Communism). As Chinese thought has a strong ethical flavour, this is a pity.

None the less, Dr. Sharma has presented a comprehensive and original panorama of a most important subject, and his volume certainly fulfils a definite need.

TERENCE WHITE GERVAIS

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*Religion and Man.* By H. H. SHRI JAYA CHAMARAJA WADIYAR. (Orient Longmans, Madras. 40 pp. 1965. Rs. 3.00)

This valuable little book on the theory and practice of the Hindu religion comprises the two lectures delivered in 1961 at the Karnatak University by Shri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar, who, as fittingly described by Shri-Jagadguru of Shringeri in his Foreword, is always devoted to God and is learned in Vedānta. Religion in India goes back to the Veda, but its truths have since been underlined and amplified by the Upaniṣadic *Ṛṣis,* the *Gītā,* and the later Ācāryas. It is as though Truth has been progressively revealing and reaffirming itself. "Śāstra is the revealed text," yet it is the merit of Hinduism that revelation and reason have gone hand in hand. Likewise, religion and philosophy too have flourished in India as the two sides of the same arc of Experience. The mystic who experienced the Truth was also the philosopher that sought to establish it in logical categories. A series of affirmations — He is *one,* the sages call him variously; *all* is Brahman; *That* (Brahman) art thou! — raise individual human destiny to the level of divine participation and re-

sponsibility. More particularly the *Gītā* adumbrates the ideal of the *sthita-prajña,* the man of unfaltering wisdom who acts without the stain of selfishness and knows the pathways to Realization.

After presenting the essence of the *Siddhānta* in the first lecture, "Roots of Religion in Vedic Thought," Shri Wadiyar devotes his second lecture, "Religion and the Values of Human Life in Hindu Thought," to the problem of translating the *Siddhānta* into *anubhava.* Religion is no mere set of beliefs: it leaps into life only when it becomes "a *prayoga* and a *sādhanā*"; it has to be *lived,* and then alone it becomes a creative and redeeming and transforming power. To *live* the religious life in the spirit of the *Gītā*'s saying — *Yogah karmasu kauśalam* — is progressively to realize the integral truth of omnipresent Reality, and the dynamics of Becoming turn the *sādhaka* into a vehicle of the Divine: *Nimittamātram bhava.* The book is a veritable feat of condensation and outlines with cogency and lucidity, and also in the accents of authority, the *philosophia perennis* that is Hindu thought.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

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*Morality and Beyond.* By PAUL TILLICH. (Religious Perspectives, Vol. IX. Routledge and Kegan Paul Ltd., London. 95 pp. 1964. 14*s.*)

This litle book by the author of *Systematic Theology,* a controversial but one of the best-known Protestant theologians of the twentieth century, is published in the well-known series Religious Perspectives. The series contains some admirable and some questionable titles. Barth's *God Here and Now* and Zaehner's *The Convergent Spirit* belong to the former group; Zafrulla Khan's *Islam: Its Meaning for the Modern Man,* belongs to the latter. In Tillich we have nothing very new, but a summary of some part of his teaching which is known the world over.

He begins by discussing "the moral imperative," and defines it as a demand to each human being to develop his potentiality to the fullest extent. Therefore a "moral act" is not an act in obedience to an external law, but it is the compulsion of an inner feeling of right and wrong. It is this "moral compulsion" which is significant. He distinguishes the "moral" from the "ethical" in man: the moral act is the significant, deliberate choice of man; the term "ethical" should be restricted to philosophy, and thus to use in reference to theory.

The moral aims Love (Greek, *agape*) and Justice are the elements of the human conscience. Love is emphasized by Jesus Christ; Justice by Moses amd Muhammad. Tillich rightly emphasizes the Spiritual Presence as the foundation of the teaching of love.

There is an admirable discussion of "wisdom" (p. 44) and of "conscience" (p. 66), and the whole book is full of that masterly clarity which we expect from Tillich. A little book worth cherishing by students of comparative theology, and even by those laymen who are troubled by these questions.

A. A. A. FYZEE

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*Body and Mind: Readings in Philosophy.* Edited by G. N. A. VESEY. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 472 pp. 1964. 52*s.* 6*d.*)

Man is a mystery to himself, and in no respect more than in the relationship of those two elements in his experience which he calls the physical and the spiritual. Throughout the history of culture philosophers have discussed the nature of mind and matter, which, in the human person, are uniquely connected. Mr. Vesey has rendered us a very real service in collecting within the compass of a single volume passages from the most distinguished writers on this theme from Descartes and Spinoza to Sherrington and Ryle. The conclusion that emerges from reading these two score extracts is that no ade-

quately informed and thoroughly disciplined thinker can fall into the fallacy of "nothing but"; neither of the two categories can be reduced to the other as Berkeleyan idealists on the one hand or thoroughly Marxist philosophers on the other have tried to make out. Some thinkers have postulated an ultimate reality of which mind and body are distinct expressions. Others suggest that they are the inner and outer aspects of the same fact of experience.

In these attempts at description or analysis much depends upon the angle of approach. Metaphysicians, linguistic philosophers, psychologists, and neurologists tend to start with different presuppositions and to use different tools in their thinking. It would be ungrateful, and indeed on the face of it foolish, to complain that the range of these extracts is not wide enough, or that they are not sufficiently representative; but it is well to remember that the psychological study of perception has something to contribute to this discussion and that scientists like Lord Adrian and Lord Brain should be heard alongside the philosophers. Eastern, and especially Indian, thought has always been deeply engaged with the theme of this book, and, just because it has in certain respects, such as a tendency to mysticism, differed in its emphases and its interpretations of experience from Western, it must be taken into account, as Mr. Vesey would no doubt agree, though the practical consideration of producing a book of manageable size may have necessitated a limitation of its scope. These comments, however, should be taken as a reminder to the reader rather than a criticism of the Editor, whose scholarship and judgement have given us an anthology so interesting and valuable.

BASIL A. YEAXLEE

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*Seers, Shrines and Sirens: The Greek Religious Revolution in the Sixth Century B.C.* By JOHN POLLARD. (Unwin University Books, No. 21. George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 164 pp. 1965. 18*s*.)

Mr. Pollard's book lives up to its title but not to its subtitle. The alliterative title suggests discursive comments on a number of not very closely related subjects. These turn out to be mainly archaeological, and the author, who is a trained archaeologist, writes pleasantly about them. But he also undertakes to instruct us about a religious revolution.

> In Asia [we read] the sixth century produced Gautama and Lao-Tsu as well as Deutero-Isaiah. In Greece it saw the appearance of shamans like Epimenides, as well as of revolutionary thinkers like Pythagoras and the leaders of the Orphic movement. But of equal importance and complementary to them were the pilgrims visiting Delphi or flocking to Eleusis.

But nothing that we read here about the Delphic Oracle or the Eleusinian Mysteries or any other topic gives the impression of a movement comparable to the spread of Buddhism or the emergence of the Hebrew prophets. If the sixth-century revolution in Greece really was equal to those in India or Palestine it needs to be analysed at a deeper level and related more significantly to world history than is managed here.

Nor has the publisher given the author a fair chance. We are met on p. 17 with an errata-slip of about twenty-five items: the careful reader will find that, long as it is, it is far from complete. This is not a tolerable standard of accuracy for a university book.

B. FARRINGTON

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*The Candle of Vision.* By AE. Introduction by LESLIE SHEPARD. (University Books, New York. xiv+175 pp. 1965. $5.00)

It is vitally necessary, particularly where any aspect of mysticism is concerned, to distinguish between imagination and fantasy, between vision and

dream. The failure to make this distinction becomes the failure to separate truth from error, the divine from the human; and becomes in turn, since in man the divine and the human are indeed confused, the failure to understand that what is necessary for us is to take the human up to the level of the divine, or to transform the earthly into the heavenly, not to bring the divine down to the level of the human, or to degrade the heavenly to the earthly.

AE, one of the most interesting of whose writings *The Candle of Vision* is, knew very well that there is a distinction between imagination or "the Divine Vision" and dream states, and at points in this book he struggles to keep the distinction clear. But for the most part he fails. He was by nature a dreamer, not a seer; and too often when he speaks of himself as "meditating" it is evident from his description of the results that he was in fact daydreaming; and where daydreams are concerned, though the spirit of truth may be in them, so may a "goblin damned." Much of what AE offers as mystical vision is associative fantasy. "One word in a book," he says, may be for him the seed of vision. But "one word in a book" may be for a novelist the seed of a work of fiction: a cue for fantasy-making, which in plainer terms is story-telling. Vision does not arise from associations, is not suggested by outward circumstances; it arises from within and transforms outward circumstances: the inward eye reveals their wholeness, where the outward eye could see them only partially.

AE was a remarkable man, as artist and writer even a minor Blake, and this is a remarkable book, touched here and there by profound insights. But it is touched more often and more surely by the glamour of the Celtic twilight, mysterious, poetical, often beautiful, but shadowy and without clarity. The light of true vision, on the other hand, is brighter than that of noonday, and like it casts no shadows.

R. H. WARD

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*World in a Grain of Sand.* By ERICA LINTON. (Anthony Blond, London. 191 pp. Illustrated end papers. 1965. 21*s.*)

An absorbing book, pleasantly written in a popular style, and deserving a wide circulation, particularly as all proceeds from its sale will go to War on Want.

In the short period (eighteen months) covered by her work Erica Linton struggled with most of the human and material problems to be met with in village India. We cannot but admire her fortitude and good humour, as well as the quiet selflessness that is typical of Quaker Relief wherever it is to be found throughout the world. Many relief organizations are rich in funds, but none so rich in human material.

The Centre in Delhi is one of the "Quaker Embassies" established in various capitals and at UN Headquarters, and intended to influence governments and the diplomatic community in the ways of peace. For this work she and her husband came, but once arrived it was to the villagers that she addressed herself. How she found her way to Jatikara is vividly and movingly told, and full tribute is paid to her Indian co-workers and to the officers of the government community development service, without whom the experiment would never have been possible.

Books such as this are appearing with increasing frequency, but still there is room for more. From first-hand experience such as this we can see the problems more clearly, and find our way to the answers more directly. Principally the nation must bring its birthrate under control; and the affluent nations must be made to realize their responsibilities; thereafter the Will of the people will surely be roused to the creative effort necessary to break the spell of centuries.

VIVIAN WORTHINGTON

*Early Seventeenth Century Scientists.* Edited by H. HARRE. (Pergamon Press, London. xi+188 pp. Illustrated. 1965. 25*s*.)

This book contains essays, by six different authors, on seven important scientific thinkers of the exciting period between Copernicus and Newton. The work of Kepler, Bacon, Descartes, Galileo, and Harvey is very well known; hence the most valuable sections of the book are those on Gilbert and van Helmont, who are less familiar to the general reader.

As may be expected in a compendium of this nature, the quality of material and writing is uneven; but detailed comparisons would be invidious. There is some evidence of over-hasty preparation. The book would have been much improved by a larger introduction, showing more clearly how the work of the selected individuals fits into a wider picture. Some coherence is, indeed, achieved by stressing the similarities of *method* exhibited in diverse fields of investigation. It is, however, not easy to see whom the book is meant for: the reader with a fair background knowledge of the history of science might find it rather superficial; while the reader without such a background could hardly gain, from what is offered here, any integrated notion of the period or its significance.

The price, for a shortish and rather undistinguished book with soft covers, seems excessive.

LEWIS HULL

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*Learning to Think.* (x+168 pp. 7*s*. 6*d*.); *Companion to Learning to Think.* (82 pp. 6*s*.) Both by E. R. EMMET. (Longmans, London. 1965).

E. R. Emmet (formerly Assistant Master, Winchester College) has prepared a fascinating and useful pair of books that bring the study of logical reasoning into the real world for teachers and tutors. (Needless to say, he has in mind such pupils as we all desire, and some of us may feel that he has never met the kind of pupils that most of us have!)

He says, "there does not seem to have been much attempt to teach clear thinking by a direct method," and further on, "there is much to be said for teaching the principles of clear thinking . . . when the mind is at its most active and pliable, say at about the age of 15." He goes on to suggest that certain logical problems may be tackled by the intelligent child of thirteen. Certainly many teachers will agree that closed-system logical problems that are capable of diagrammatic illustration are of interest to even younger children. (Some of these in the book were grasped by my pupils of ten to eleven.)

The book, with its companion which gives very helpful, detailed teaching points, solutions, and discussions, deals with basic principles, rules of thought, classifications, and so on, to the structure of reasoning, through examples of "closed-system" and open-system thinking.

Although the matter is detailed and thorough, and some of the exercises may be considered over-elaborate for the normal pupil, the whole is written in so beguiling a manner, and with so many down-to-earth examples that the book as a whole is extremely readable and fascinating. For instance one exercise contains this:

> Smith reads. . . . "More than half of all people now alive will die before they are sixty," and thinks "Well, I suppose the unselfish thing to do would be for me to die before I'm sixty, and make it more likely that someone else will live a bit longer." Is he being rational? If not, explain clearly why not.

Another reason for the appeal of this book on a subject usually considered "dry" and abstruse is that it contains so many up-to-date examples of varied "reasoning," from the newspapers, from advertisements, or from other books that are familiar to the average student. It may well be of great use to older pupils who are, perhaps,

late developers, now that so many are remaining at school after the age of fifteen, or who are attending colleges of Further Education.

The Contents and chapter descriptions are full and helpful, and all exercises and solutions are clearly numbered.

ELIZABETH CROSS

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# Ends and Sayings

"... ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
—SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras*

An exhibition of the famous Dead Sea Scrolls was held at the British Museum, London, in December 1965, and was then due to go on to Manchester, Edinburgh, and Cardiff. Murray Sayle and Lewis Chester in an article "The Scrolls and Christianity" (*Sunday Times,* 21 November 1965) describe how this most significant archaeological discovery has produced a mass of controversial argument among scholars and theologians, and how difficulties of various kinds delay the release of the texts as well as the search for further specimens.

The article puts forward the revolutionary ideas that Mr. John Allegro will be developing in a forthcoming book. A lecturer on Comparative Semitic Philology at Manchester University and author of *People of the Dead Sea Scrolls,* he has himself led search expeditions and is a very active member of the international Scroll editing team. His work on the Scrolls has led him to doubt the historicity of the Gospel records.

The Gospels might, he thinks, be viewed as a collection of myths with a moral and religious purpose, in which the person of Christ is secondary — simply the vehicle for promulgating sectarian Judaism to the Roman world. The concept of using pseudo-history to present ideas is perhaps unfamiliar to a predominantly Western outlook, but is quite intelligible within the Eastern tradition. ...

The Scrolls may now offer an academic middle way, interpreting the Christian story as a record, in mythical form, not of a spiritual *discovery,* but of a spiritual *search,* in which the account of the life and teaching of Christ is an attempt to draw together the entire tradition in a dramatic meaningful way.

What is meant by "sectarian Judaism" becomes clearer with the connection of the Scrolls with the Essenes (second century B.C. to about A.D. 70), a sect which Allegro regards as a "missing link." Similarities between Essene and Christian teachings and social systems are remarkable, though they still need working out in full detail to be incontrovertible. Both have the same spiritual tone, the same rules of discipline. The Essenes also present a story of feeding the multitudes and the ceremony of the Last Supper, envision a Messiah, and mention a crucifixion (the Narum Commentary is linked with 88 B.C., the year of the mass crucifixion by King Jannaeus). There are other correspondences: the characteristic healing powers displayed; the similarity between the Essene "Inspector" and the Christian Bishop; that between the twelve "Judges" and the twelve Apostles, whose very names relate to Essene administrative posts. There are differences also, but Allegro considers these are minor mutations made to render the Judaic teaching more acceptable to Roman Gentiles. Another theory put forward is that both systems are developments from an earlier common

source.

In any case, the evidence promised in Mr. Allegro's books will be looked forward to with intense expectation, whether it will clarify the matter beyond quesion, or add more fuel to the ardent polemics. Perhaps, if the A.D. dating *is* found to be irrelevant, the prophecy made by H. P. Blavatsky towards the end of the nineteenth century, that the twentieth century might be the last of its name, will not seem so incredible as it did at the time.

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*The British Vegetarian* for November-December 1965 features the 18th International Vegetarian Congress, held at The Hayes, Swanwick, Derbyshire, England, during 28 August — 4 September, 1965, which was opened by the High Commissioner for India, Dr. Jivraj N. Mehta. Some indication of the increasing interest in vegetarianism is shown by the fact that 600 applications were received, though only 350 could be accepted, for lack of space. On the basis of previous attendances, about 200 had originally been planned for. Apart from the variety of lectures (many of which are being published in the magazine) other items included a "Beauty Without Cruelty" Show (non-animal cosmetics and fur-fabric fashions), Indian dancers and singers, as well as Western musicians, physical culture, excursions, nature films, etc. The commissariat won golden opinions. Another noteworthy point was the favourable attention given by the national press and television.

The lecture "Prelude to Peace" by the Marquis de St. Innocent, President of the International Vegetarian Union, contained significant philosophical ideas:

> . . . aside from the ultimate panacea, Perfect Love, the need of our time is Self-knowledge. [This] involves deep awareness of the mysterious Inner Spirit which sustains not only the outer universe, but also an invisible realm within each one of us.

These "lives" of our kingdom, if rightly treated, could give "lifelong automated service" just as cybernated machines could free us from much drudgery in our work. Everything is available for living "the Good Life" except Self-knowledge. How can man "learn to relate his life to eternal values" instead of being ruled by impulses? Desire, the enemy of Self-Knowledge, now shows under the guise of "Compulsive Consumption, implemented by the artificially whetted appetite for more and more material goods and services" mostly injurious to health, physical and mental. We can survive only by attuning our lives to heavenly forces.

> . . . man's True Image is not a material object, but a divine substance capable of expressing progressively the Spirit within.

Its seed lies in "the soil of right relationship with other living things" — kindness versus cruelty. Vegetarianism is a step to this greater unfolding.

Other topics included "Indian Philosophy and Vegetarianism" by the Rajkumar of Vizianagram (India), "Medical Aspects of Vegetarianism" by Dr. Gordon Latto (Great Britain), vegetarianism in Europe and in schools, vegetarian cookery, Veganism, plant-milk, whole foods, the Soil Association, and many others. A most important event was the formation of a Science Council "to collect and classify scientific information bearing on vegetarianism" and to make this readily available to individual speakers and such organizations as FAO and OXFAM.

Thus we find religion (in the broad, non-sectarian sense) and science both represented in the movement — an excellent thing, since it makes for balance. The success of this Congress (the next will be in India, in 1967) and the steady growth of local vegetarian societies in Britain and Europe augur well for the future.

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The twentieth annual report, for 1964-5, of the Arts Council of Great Britain, "Policy Into Practice," claims a vintage year. In has supported widely praised productions at London theatres,

and the Royal Opera House, as well as many other enterprises throughout the country; the noted Edinburgh Festival, formerly run at a heavy loss, achieved a surplus balance. In the 1950's, the arts and drama appeared to be on the decline; theatres were being demolished; and the prospect seemed dim. The whole climate has now changed. Theatres, art galleries, concert halls, and similar places are springing up, and now the Government White Paper, "A Policy for the Arts," has given encouragement by authorizing the Council to enter into commitments of up to £250,000 in the year 1965-6. Their purpose will be to promote the construction of buildings to house the arts, by regional and local authorities.

One point of interest to writers is that, following a suggestion made by the Publishers' Association, what was inaugurated in 1951 as the Poetry Panel, to give assistance to poetry (societies, magazines, festivals, recitals, bursaries) has now been broadened to become a comprehensive Literature Panel, covering writing and writers as a whole.

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## Index to Vol. XXXVI (January-December 1965)

THE ANNUAL INDEX to Vol. XXXVI of THE ARYAN PATH is now in press, and will be sent out as a supplement to the issue of February 1966.—ED.

IN the pursuit of philosophy the human mind swings free. Untrammelled by limitations of subject matter, unaffected by the temporal and the particular, it recognizes no laws save those which govern its own reasoning. This disinterested activity of the freely functioning mind is a good, among the greatest that human beings can enjoy.

— C. E. M. JOAD